

Family Circle

NOVEMBER, 1955

6d.



How to
live to be 100

Secret of the

DANNY KAYE'S FAVORITE ROLE

IDEAL MARRIAGE

NEW!

RICHARD HUDNUT
announces improved,
faster, easier to use
Lanolized Home Permanent

**lovelier, more
natural looking
curls . . . only
10-minute
waving time!**



Richard Hudnut LANOLIN-WAVE HOME PERMANENT

*Far better
for your hair—
whatever
its type*

Now WAVING YOUR HAIR is faster and easier than ever before because waving time is *only 10 minutes* with Richard Hudnut's new high-speed Lanolized Waving Lotion. Yes . . . your wave "takes" in just 10 minutes! And what an amazing improvement the new Richard Hudnut Lanolin-Wave Home Permanent makes in your hair. Lanolin keeps hair shining, soft and silky, promotes healthy growth, keeps scalp tissues youthful and active . . . and only Richard Hudnut brings you the hair-protecting magic of a true lanolized waving lotion.

New Richard Hudnut Lanolized Waving Lotion protects your hair from damage, too! No more frizz and fuzz! No more split ends! So start using it now for a lovelier, easier-to-manage wave that *lasts and lasts*. You can't tell this longer-lasting, livelier wave from naturally curly hair.

All these fabulous advantages for faster, easier, better home waving.

NEW! Revolutionary Wave Vitalizer! You have only to try it just once to realise the time and temper saved by Richard Hudnut's new revolutionary Wave Vitalizer! Guarantees fastest neutralising ever in just one step. No more tiresome repeated rinses.

NEW! Superior Ingredients! Used only by Richard Hudnut, give you an easier, faster Home Permanent, a longer-lasting, more natural-looking, livelier curl.

AND never forget . . . only 10 minutes' waving! A modern miracle . . . and it's true! Richard Hudnut's new high-speed Lanolized Waving Lotion is automatic. No check curls, no guess-work. Your waves "take" in just 10 minutes.



The new Richard Hudnut Home Perm may be used with any plastic curlers—but for best results use Richard Hudnut's **WHIRL-A-WAVE** Curlers.

**Choose one of the two special types
of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent:**

**FOR EASY-TO-WAVE
HAIR** and for soft,
natural curls in
NORMAL HAIR.

**FOR HARD-TO-WAVE
HAIR** and for tighter,
firmer curls in
NORMAL HAIR.

For bleached, tinted,
brightened, colour-
rinsed or lightened
hair use the "Easy-
to-Wave Hair" kit.

**ONLY 12/-, AT
CHEMISTS AND
STORES EVERYWHERE,**
for the longer-lasting,
Lanolized lively
curls you can't tell
from naturally wavy
hair.



Give her gleaming

Golden gifts

by *Lournay*



L102: Give her this sparkling pack in golden foil, holding delicate Lournay tale and its matching beauty soap ... 7/8



L104: Butterfly design foil box to bring her the luxury of three cakes of fragrant Lournay beauty soap ... 6/-

L124: The new "Lotus" squeeze bottle to give her the subtle perfume of Lournay tale ... 7/6

L105: Another beguiling gift pack containing Lournay tale in its charming container ... 5/6



L123: Flower-decked twin box in pink foil opens to reveal Lournay tale and two cakes of beauty soap ... 10/6



L108: Satin-lined gold foil gift box holding Lournay tale, hand lotion, two cakes of soap, 17/-



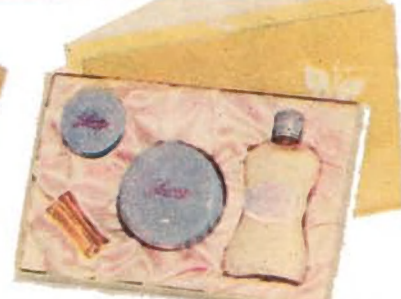
L121: Golden beauty bucket lined in pastel satin to hold Lournay tale, soap and hand lotion, or your choice in Lournay gifts ... 16/9



L125: Magnificent golden gift compact of Lournay Beauty Touch (in 3 shades) enclosed in rich velvet drawstring bags ... 27/6



L110: Gorgeous foil box, lined in gleaming pastel satin, holds Lournay face powder, lipstick and matching rouge ... 23/-



L118: Golden make-up gift box, lined with satin, holds Lournay face powder, lipstick, rouge and liquid powder base ... 28/6

LOURNAY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS ARE RECOMMENDED BY GUILD CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA
Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores





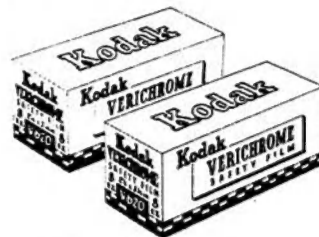
Kodak

A PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS!

You will tell a better story with snapshots. Your Kodak camera enables you to keep a record of almost every incident of baby's growing up . . . memories that will never fade because "somebody took a picture"!

TELL YOUR STORY ON

Kodak Film



KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. . . . all States

FAMILY CIRCLE

November, 1955

The Kodak BULLETIN

HINTS THAT WILL HELP YOUR HOBBY

SIMPLE CAMERA THAT GETS SATISFYING RESULTS

The SIX-20 BROWNIE "D" camera is a sturdy, simple model for beginners—as a matter of fact, many quite experienced snapshotters use it. Has two brilliant viewfinders, recessed anti-flare lens. Takes portraits at 3 feet range. Flash-synchronised for Kodak Flashholder. Makes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ ins. PRICE: £2/15/-.

MODEL 'D'
CAMERA



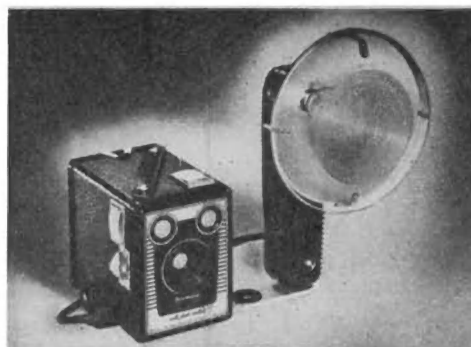
PUT MORE "PUNCH" INTO YOUR PICTURES

If you want to put "punch" into your pictures, penetrate haze, give definition to clouds, see more detail and "third dimension" effect in all your pictures, use an Austral filter over the lens. Available in 7 colours, from 10/6 each. Your Kodak dealer will recommend the right filters to suit your camera.



IT'S FUN
TO "D & P"
YOUR OWN
PICTURES

Try your hand at developing and printing some of your films. With the Kodak Photo-Finishing Kit it's plain sailing. The kit contains everything necessary and instructions are simple to follow. Handsome moulded plastic container forms the developing dishes. An ideal gift for amateur photographer friends. PRICE: 70/-.



NIGHT SHOTS ARE EASY WITH "FLASH"!

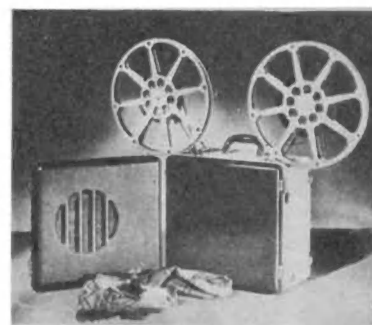
"Flashsnapping" is all the rage in England and America and it's come to stay in Australia—now that Kodak has introduced the Flashholder Model 2. You, too, can take clear, bright pictures at night, indoors, in shadowed places, because the Kodak Flashholder puts a brilliant flash of sunshine at your command. Ask your Kodak dealer.

Flashholder: £2/10/- (Fittings for flash-synchro. cameras: 19/3.)

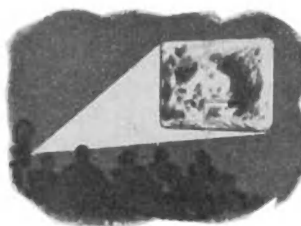
SERVICE THAT ENSURES QUALITY PRINTS—ALWAYS

Good snapshots deserve the best developing and printing, so leave your exposed films with your Kodak dealer. The Kodak Photo-Finishing Service ensures quality prints and Kodak experts will bring out the maximum of detail from your negatives.

THE FIRST, REALLY PORTABLE, 16 mm. SOUND PROJECTOR



Smartly styled, simple to operate, it's the first really portable projector with BIG projector quality. The Cinevox Premier gives a brilliant screen image while remaining exceptionally cool and silent in operation. Either sound or silent films may be shown, the projector accepting reels up to 2,000 feet. The Cinevox comes complete with loudspeaker and cable, the whole unit weighing only 36 lbs. in its attractive leatherette case. Ask about the Cinevox Premier at your Kodak dealer.



Kodak



GOWN

*A Jacques Fath creation
as shown by Madame Pellier,
Sydney, in her Fashion
Collection.*

The Finest Sanitary Napkin ever . . .

New Design Modess gives greater than ever protection and comfort. There is new, improved absorbency from the wider napkin, added protection in the new side strips; a full-length safety shield indicated by the exclusive Blue Thread, making protection trebly sure. Tapered ends and prefolded tabs are added refinements. Ask also for a Modess elastic adjustable belt.

**For added Confidence,
Comfort, Convenience**

New Design

Modess

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON • THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

M. ET FT. EMUL.

Sig. 3i T.I.D.P.C.

No, they're not hieroglyphics . . . they are part of the prescription your doctor gave you the other day.

To you, that abbreviated Latin legend meant nothing, but to your pharmacist it said: "MIX THE INGREDIENTS OF THIS PRESCRIPTION IN THE FORM OF AN EMULSION, AND LABEL THE BOTTLE ONE TEASPOONFUL THREE TIMES A DAY AFTER MEALS."

Your physician often uses Latin in writing prescriptions, and for two reasons: Firstly, Latin is the universal language of medical science, and a prescription written in any part of the world, by a physician of any nationality, can be dispensed by any pharmacist. Secondly, Latin is a "dead" language, and, therefore, the exact meanings of words are not subject to variation from year to year as are words in modern languages.

Many drugs that have similar names have very different actions. Take, for example, mercurous chloride and mercuric chloride . . . one is calomel, a laxative, the other is bichloride of mercury, a most violent poison. Then there are phenobarbital and pentobarbital, sodium salicylate and sodium silicate, acetanilide and acetone, aconite and aconitine, and a multitude of other drug names equally confusing to you.

They are not confusing to your pharmacist. His familiarity with medical, chemical, and pharmaceutical terms is but a part of his skill as a pharmacist . . . a skill developed through years of training and experience in his profession.

You recognise the importance of having only qualified pharmacists dispense your prescriptions . . . Your pharmacist is equally well qualified to recommend medical preparations and household pharmaceuticals for your everyday needs.

**DON'T TAKE CHANCES . . .
ASK YOUR CHEMIST**

One of a series of articles on the importance of the pharmacist to the community.

Presented by

**PARKE, DAVIS
& COMPANY, LIMITED**
(inc. U.S.A.)



The World's Largest Manufacturers of Biological and Pharmaceutical Products.

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Faith in the Family

IN designing "Family Circle" as a new type of magazine for Australian readers, our natural starting point was the family unit.

We believed that if we explored the interests of each member of the family, the result would be a magazine which would be eagerly waited for and read each month by hundreds of thousands of people.

So we started right back at the stage where you are born. In *Know More and You'll Worry Less About Your Baby* (pages 16-17), you will find fascinating new information on age-old questions.

Then you start growing up. In *Danny Kaye's Favorite Role* (pages 12-13), you will learn how even famous and busy people can have a satisfactory family life.

Soon you reach that troubled, never-to-be-forgotten Teen-Age Time. Teenagers' problems are frankly and sensibly discussed in

our feature *What To Do When* (page 45).

Life begins moulding you into its eternal pattern of Love and Romance. You will want to read *What Makes a Woman Attractive?* (page 55) and *Secret Of The Ideal Marriage* (page 18).

Our Short Stories tell the tender, passionate drama of love in *The Heart Must Decide* (pages 10-11) and *Sorry You've Been Troubled* (page 21).

You marry, and become that most successful of all career-women, the housewife. For you, *Home Is Where The Kitchen Is* (page 51), and breakfast becomes *The Most Important Meal of the Day* (page 47).

To help you watch over your family's health, read *Doctor In the House* (page 31) and *Your Friend The Family Chemist* (pages 36-37).

The whole family can get together to see *A Disney Film For The Whole Family* (page 57).

You can keep extending your range of interests with fact-filled articles like *Looking Into People* (page 23) and *Do The Stars Guide Your Life?* (page 29).

And you can live happily ever after by reading *How To Live To Be 100!* (pages 14-15).



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A glittering array of Christmas Gifts, for your unhurried selection.

This year your Guild Chemist has the most marvellous assortment of gifts you've ever seen for men, women and children. There's something for everyone on your shopping list at prices to suit every purse or piggy bank and the values are the very best your money can buy.

What a wonderful, relaxful way to do your Christmas Shopping! Just step in to your Chemist's, sit down

in comfort and make your selections at leisure. You'll love the friendly, personal service and the unhurried atmosphere. Such a contrast with noisy overcrowded stores.

Make a resolution now to shop for gifts the calm and sensible way . . . at your Chemist's. Not only will you choose the most welcome gifts, you'll save time and money, too!

Shop in comfort at your



Less travelling . . . Uncrowded . . .

Personal service





The greatest of these is love

BY M. F. ASHLEY MONTAGUE
World-renowned anthropologist

LOVE is the birthright of every human being. It is not a chance development, or an accident of being human, or something one prescribes, or something one deserves, or something one bargains for or purchases, or something one wins in a competition. Love is a need that every child who is born asks to have fulfilled, and it is a gift that can be given only when it is freely given. Human beings need to live by what is freely given them. Life itself is an unconditional gift, and so is love. And the love of lovers and the love of parents is the source of life. Loving personal relationships are the source of human life at conception; there is no substitute for such personal relationships at any other stage of life.

The way to produce warped, conflicting, warring human beings is to rob them of love in childhood. The way to produce warm, loving, peaceful human beings is by being warm, loving, and peaceful with them as children, to satisfy their need to grow in all these qualities, as in others. To understand, and when one doesn't understand, to go on loving, that is what is required. In our world of conflict, in which human beings are bedevilled by feelings of guilt and responsibility, understanding and forgiveness imply a deep connection between human beings — a creative power to set one another free. Free for what? Free for the development of mental health which has been defined as "the ability to love and the ability to work."

A feature complete on this page



By Jane Causeway

IT had only been a matter of time before one or other of them mentioned Shaun. It could have been any day of any week, but it was four o'clock on Friday when Dan Weston looked up from his laboratory bench and said: "By the way, how are you getting on with the more spectacular members of the aircraft industry?"

Catherine Rolf looked up from the chart she was busy tabulating. In her laboratory assistant's anonymous white overalls she looked cool, young, and remote. She said lightly:

"You mean Shaun Douglas?"

"I believe that's his name. Chap with red hair. Test pilot. He gives you a lift in from Langbourne, doesn't he?"

"Yes," Catherine agreed. "Do I take it you object?"

"No. Why should I?"

"No reason," Catherine said. That just about summed it up, she thought. No reason. Even though once, a long time ago, Dan had asked her to marry him and she had said no.

It was so desperately hard to explain, she thought wretchedly. To explain to someone like Dan that, for the first time in her life, she had met someone whose world wasn't bounded by figures and remote statistics, someone who frankly and unashamedly lived for the present.

She had been standing by the traffic lights at Langbourne, waiting for the bus that would take her to Heatherington's gaunt aircraft factory on the ten-mile-distant downs, when a sports car had drawn up beside her. The young man behind the steering wheel had caught Catherine's eye and waved confidently as though he had known her a long time.

"Hello, there. Want a lift?"

There had been something familiar about his face, Catherine had thought. And then she had caught sight of a care-

lessly rolled-up bundle of flying clothes on the car's back seat and she had remembered. He was one of the test pilots at the works.

"Thanks," she said, climbing into the car. "I've just missed a bus. There won't be another for half an hour."

He let in the clutch with a jerk and the car leaped away from the kerb. Then they had found themselves exchanging names. Shaun had said casually, "You know my job. What about telling me yours?"

"I belong to Dr. Weston's research group."

For a moment he had ignored the answer. Then he'd said, "Lord preserve us. A female boffin!"

In spite of herself Catherine had laughed. "I'm not really a boffin. Only a very ordinary laboratory assistant."

"I think I've heard of your boss," said Shaun. "He's the lad who's been working on this new aircraft fuel. B2 or whatever it is."

Catherine had looked at him in surprise. Then she'd said slowly, "That's right, how did you know?"

THE

Heart

MUST

Decide

Two men are in love with Catherine . . .

one a test pilot, a glamorous figure, charming,

courageous . . . the other, a

laboratory worker, brilliant, reliable.

It takes a gamble with death to make

the heart decide which man

Catherine loves . . .

"Twice the efficiency for half the bulk. Twice the power for half the price. Weston's wonder-fuel for aircraft," Shaun had quoted the words almost mockingly. "Of course, you know the snag?"

Catherine had said, a little coldly, "Suppose you tell me."

Shaun had grinned. "Of course. B2 isn't stable at high altitudes. You fill a plane up with it and everything's lovely till you get up high. Then all of a sudden the fuel catches fire of its own accord. David Lander found that out a couple of months ago, remember? His plane blew up at thirty thousand feet . . ."

"Don't," Catherine had said.

He'd looked at her curiously. "You don't make a thing any better by pretending it hasn't happened."

"I'm not pretending it didn't happen," Catherine had said. [To page 58]



*"I think you're in love with Shaun,"
Dan said miserably, and, aware of how
she was hurting him, Catherine nodded.*

DANNY KAYE'S favorite

Though beloved by the whole world, Sylvia and Dena, his wife and daughter, know that first of all Danny belongs to them. How this happiest of families lives and solves its problems is the theme of this delightful true story.

BY JANE K. ARDMORE

DANNY KAYE, whose hilarious clowning the whole world loves, is one of the happiest and most devoted fathers and husbands in show business. His pride and joy is his seven-year-old daughter, Dena. They are much alike these two — Dena and Danny. They have the same easy outgoing charm, they enjoy each other's mimicry, and they can get as angry at each other as if they were the same age.

When Dena was two, three, and four, Danny had to be in England for anywhere from four weeks to two and a half months. Each time he returned, his little red-headed girl would be dancing up and down at the airport. She'd run to him, cling to him, shower him with kisses; but once he was safely home she'd go into a three or four day freeze, getting back at daddy for having left her.

But, with time, Dena has grown used to the pattern of Danny's comings and goings. She knows now Danny will always come back — that, wherever he is, she's part of his world as he's part of hers.

To achieve this faith and trust takes patience, sincerity, and humor — and Danny Kaye has all three.

He and Dena have a special world together, one over which mother stands guard and into which nothing is allowed to intrude.

The British Broadcasting Corporation discovered that, much to their surprise. They arranged a transatlantic broadcast, an interview by telephone, with Danny. It was a signal honor. Negotiations had been made by the co-director and producer of "Knock on Wood" while he was in Britain. The details had been arranged,

the broadcast was scheduled for a Sunday. But—it happened to be the Sunday on which Danny had promised to take Dena to a school picnic for fathers and children. He didn't even consider the broadcast; he'd promised Dena. Instead of performing on the air for a large part of the world, he ate watermelon and played ball on the sand at Zuma Beach, not a gay clown, either, but just another dad.

Danny has a talent for restraint. He never shows off in public, wouldn't dream of "embarrassing" Dena.

Sundays are hers, and every Sunday the tall, red-headed man and small, red-headed girl go off together to the La Cienega playground. This has been their ritual for years.

Dena used to ride the trains and the merry-go-round; now she prefers the ponies. He is very proud of her riding—her natural, easy seat. She is an unafraid child—as he was. Recently he bought her a set of small golf clubs and he's going to add that to their Sundays, teaching her his favorite game.

What has gone to build up the relationship between this busy man and his child? Lots of little, everyday things, little rituals. It starts with breakfast. Danny has to be at the studio by eight, Dena has to be ready to start for school shortly after. They eat in the kitchen in their bathrobes—just the two of them, eating the same food and chattering as they eat. Sometimes there are peals of laughter; this means that Danny is putting on Dena's favorite performance, imitating a baby. He makes the noises and faces of an infant, struggles to achieve a burp,

gets purple in the face, finally makes it, and beams happily.

Mother sleeps a little later in this house, because often she has been up later, revising music she has written and which she and Danny have rehearsed the night before.

His music and comedy routines are subject to his own brilliant improvisations, and this means last-minute changes. Sometimes, when a difficult musical arrangement is needed, Sylvia, his wife, works through the night to get the benefit of the quiet house.

On Sundays, before they go to the playground and if the cook is off, Danny fixes breakfast with Dena's help, and they take coffee and orange juice up to mother.

Another ritual is the nightly homecoming. Danny is always "starved." He goes out to the kitchen and samples all the food; frequently they eat in the kitchen. This, as you gather, is an informal household.

Every room is for the Kayes to live in, and the upholstering materials have been selected to take wear and tear, Danny's as well as Dena's. Danny isn't the sort of man who can patch a roof or plant a hedge. If the furnace should blow up, too bad; but he contributes something else just as constructive—an absolute ease, an at-homeness. He loves comfortable clothes, faded denims, well-worn sweaters.

He's the sort of man who wants everyone to "come to our house," and Sylvia is the same way. When they have company, Danny loves to have Dena part of it. She is there when the guests start arriving. The moment when the crowd gets large enough to be confusing [To page 62]

Between Danny and Dena there is a very special understanding and happy companionship—the kind of relationship every little girl needs to have with her father.

role



How to live



The author of this article, C. Ward Crampton, M.D., is a well-known physician in his seventies. Here he alerts the public and the whole medical profession to the six crucial periods when the chance for long life can be won or lost.

HUNDREDS are living long lives and enjoying their later years as much as their earlier ones. Perhaps you can, too. But you will have to go into training for it right now—without delay.

You're only in your 20's or 30's? So much the better. To live long and happily you must begin as early as possible to live wisely and well. This means it isn't a moment too soon to include every member of your family—even the youngest—in the new life management programme for a comprehensive health examination at the beginning of each of the most significant stages of life. These are:—

- 1—Early infancy—immediately after baby's birth.
- 2—Beginning of school age—around 5 or 6 years.
- 3—Puberty—not later than 15 in a slow developer.
- 4—Marriage if it occurs—but not later than 30 whether married or unmarried.
- 5—Middle age—women at menopause, not later than age 45 for both men and women.
- 6—Pre-geriatric period—not later than 65.

In short, this is a life-long training programme for a championship life span under the direction of an expert medical coach who is as interested in seeing that you stay well as he is in patching you up after you break down. By enrolling in such a programme now for yourself and your family you

can avoid the pain, danger, and disability of preventable illness that spoils the happiness of so many homes.

Diseases of the heart, kidneys, and circulation are the number one killers of young parents in the 25-44 year age group. These diseases are mainly discoverable in their early stages and can be postponed or even prevented. If undetected they creep on, causing much disability and nearly half of the deaths between 45 and 64.

Cancer is coming to be regarded as 50 to 90 per cent. detectable, and even curable if discovered in time. Tuberculosis is diminishing rapidly with early diagnosis and modern treatment.

In other words, get yourself examined—regularly.

What I propose is considerably more than a periodical medical check-up once or twice a year. A comprehensive health examination at six important periods in life is a thoroughgoing exhaustive study of the whole person. It surveys not only his body and the stage of his health, but also what has gone to make him the way he is and what can be done to assure a happier tomorrow for him.

The examiner is not satisfied just to find that you have high blood pressure. He tries to determine why your particular body expresses its tension in that way. What are your hopes and fears? Do you have any unsatisfactory life habits that may be contributing to the distress? What sort of ancestors did you have? What were their patterns of health and disease?

to be 100

He asks himself not merely "What's wrong with this individual?" but "What can I do to make this person's life longer and happier?"

For in addition to the detection of any immediate disorder and its cure, such a comprehensive examination discloses signs of premature ageing and indicates ways to correct, remove or ease them.

A man or a woman does not grow old in one package. A man of 50, for instance, may have a 30-year-old heart, 60-year-old kidneys, a 40-year-old liver—and try to live the life of a 20-year-old. It is the specialist's job to discover just where old age has got in its worst licks and then recommend "anti-ageing" devices. Your 40's will be more youthful if you learn how to live wisely in your 30's.

How the plan works

Getting ready tomorrow for today is the purpose of this whole new programme. Here's how it works.

You want a long, healthy, and happy life, not only for yourself, but for every member of your family, regardless of his or her present age.

Perhaps Grandma is ready for her pre-geriatric examination, Johnny needs his pre-school one, an adolescent daughter requires an overhaul, and both parents are ready for their middle-age check-up.

So you search for the healthy-minded physician with both talent and time for the job.

Perhaps you know him already, or the B.M.A. may be able to help you to find him. More and more doctors in Australia are becoming interested in giving these thorough check-ups.

You make an appointment for a "pilot" examination with the understanding that it is going to take more than an hour. A careful study of ancestry frequently gives the key to an obscure life problem. There is little to be found in you that has not been foreshadowed in your family tree. Not that you expect to inherit disease, but your parents' and grandparents' experience of disease and its healing are highly important in terms of our own living and life guidance. And a history of your own habits such as use of alcohol and tobacco, diet, exercise, work, and recreation are significant, too.

A personal record of this sort is invaluable, for it serves as a kind of medical passport which will help when you take a new job, or move to a strange city and need to consult a different doctor.

A great physician has said that the best thing a doctor can do is to set the mind of the patient at rest. That is one of the most important features of this examination—you know yourself physically, can banish worry and uncertainty.

Medical societies overseas are now advocating this basic life record as essential to any intelligent plan of good medical care. Talk the plan over with your husband, your friends, even your club members . . . persuade your club president to put on the programme of the next meeting the suggestion that all members give a community lead by taking this check-up themselves.

And now for your own, personal check-up.

The first visit is one for gathering data. It is a diagnostic survey covering an examination of all the body parts, organs and functions, blood pressure, heart, lungs, kidneys, abdomen, joints, nerves, eyes, ears, and so on.

A urinalysis will be made, laboratory tests and X-rays arranged. Valuable information is gained from a thorough study of your anatomy.

In every organ the trained observer can see the condition of other organs. In the eye alone, for example, doctors can see indications of the condition of heart, arteries, veins, circulation, kidney function, nervous system, nutrition, digestion, vitamin intake, and endocrine state. Skin, fingernails, hands, and tongue are eloquent. Every part of a person's body tells how other parts are treating it.

Stress tests reveal what organs will do under the added strain of hard work and increasing years. An electrocardiogram before and after stair climbing, for instance, gives additional information on cardiac soundness and the condition of coronary arteries. Other tests may foretell high blood pressure and pulse rate, which may predict circulatory weakness. These are all tests of organic capacity and they open a new way to preventive measures of great value for oncoming years. Knowing weaknesses in advance can help your doctor to forestall them.

By the time you see the doctor again a week later he will have analysed the evidence and studied the results and he can outline a preliminary life programme, remedial and constructive, for you to try out and report on at the final visit. It is tailored for you and no one else.

After four weeks the results of this initial programme are checked and double-checked to see how it is working. Then the full health programme for six months or a year is drawn up with the main points in writing for the patient's own guidance. All this will help to guide future medical service and save much time and money in future years.

A dozen ordinary check-ups would not give you the kind of information and guidance you get from this type of all-inclusive health examination.

Now you know what to do. Start at once and get your first comprehensive health examination. Then carry on at each successive stage of your life. Get your children started, remembering that your own examination will give their doctor invaluable information he can get in no other way. It will help the doctors to understand and guide their health problems all of their lives.

Then enjoy yourself, be happy and have fun.

It's important to be happy

Happiness has great therapeutic value. Every emotional reaction has immediate repercussions in every cell, tissue, and function of the body. More and more doctors are recognising the part played by negative feelings such as anxiety, hate, fear, and guilt in disease and ageing.

A state of chronic emotional frustration keeps the body in a constant state of emergency, withdrawing much of its energy from the processes of digestion, assimilation, elimination. All repair work on worn out tissues must be temporarily suspended too. A great variety of diseases have been produced in laboratory animals by keeping them in states of fear or nervous tension. Combine this with nutritional deficiencies and the effect is deadly.

Doctors know more today about how to help you keep young than they did even a year ago. But you have to do your part. It's only sensible to take good care of yourself.

KNOW MORE

...and You'll
Worry Less...

About Your New Baby

BY RUTH NEWBURN SEDAM

Even a mother can sometimes see that a brand new baby could hardly win a beauty contest. Though mothers may not admit it, they are often worried by such things as baby's baldness, big ears, receding chin. What's it all about anyway? Will he change for the better? A warmly reassuring article written with a delightful touch of humour



But He Hasn't Any Chin

This doesn't signify a lack of character. Your baby's chin is unprominent on purpose—the better to let him suck for his supper. A well-developed jaw would just get in the way, be a nuisance when he is nursing. But the baby's jawbone is a fast grower. In a few months his handsome profile will be complete with chin.



His Neck Wobbles

So does every baby's. His rubbery neck requires firm head-to-tail support for many weeks. At about three months you can test head control this way: hold your baby's arms, raise him gently from a lying to a sitting position, then let him down again slowly. If his head still wobbles, it still needs support when you hold him. If he can keep it steady, he's all right on his own for short intervals.



Such Big Ears

If your little pitcher has large ears don't do anything about it now. Pinning prominent ears back with adhesive tape and making your baby constantly wear caps are outmoded, ineffective treatments. If you still feel strongly about it later on, a simple plastic operation can make perky ears lie close to the head.



There's a Fuzz on His Skin

Soft downy fuzz is quite common on a newborn baby's back and arms. It soon wears off. Mottled, reddish skin-color goes away soon, too, and so do any goose-pimple size dots that he may have under the skin of his face.



His Head Seems Lopsided

Since the bones of a baby's head haven't hardened yet, they sometimes get "pushed around" at birth. The resulting squashed-in, sometimes almost pointed look will soon round out. Heads that get "flattened" from sleeping in a favorite position will go back into shape when the baby is old enough to do considerable sitting up.



His Head Has Soft Spots

Every baby has those soft spots where the skull bones don't meet. There are two—a bigger one on top, a smaller one in back. The skull bones will grow together and close both spots sometime between nine months and two years. Vitamin D in the baby's daily vitamin supplement helps hurry bone growth. But in the meantime there's good strong membrane covering the spots—you needn't be afraid to wash his head.



Sometimes He's Cross-eyed

A baby's eyes going in assorted directions doesn't mean he's cross-eyed, just that he can't focus yet. That broad bridge of his miniature nose makes his eyes look out of alignment, too. At about four weeks he may look directly at a soft light, or at something moving in front of his face or held conveniently close to it. But real control of the eye muscles doesn't start till your baby is about two or three months old.



Some Babies Are Bald

Your baby may be born as bald as his Grandpa—or arrive almost as well equipped with hair as Harpo Marx. In either case he'll likely change his hair-do within a few months. A blonde can become a brunette or a redhead. Coarse hair falls out and fine hair comes in, or vice versa.

*To page 60 for MORE ABOUT
YOUR NEW BABY*



Secret of the

Ideal Marriage

Emotional maturity is the key to a successful marriage, says this noted marriage guidance counsellor. People must be happily married to themselves before they are fit to marry another person.

WOMEN seem to be all right on bargains," says a humorist, "until it comes to picking out husbands." Men can make grave mistakes, too, when it comes to picking out wives.

So much depends on marriage that it should be entered into cautiously, and with eyes open, not drifted into on a cloud of sentimentality.

I am not against a romantic view of marriage, but to build a sound home which will be an ideal background for children needs more than just a romantic view of life.

It needs determination, courage, resourcefulness, endless patience, and enduring love.

To lay firm foundation for making a successful marriage, a long period of courtship is essential before there is any signing on dotted lines.

I would advocate a courtship of at least a year, followed by a brief engagement.

Engagement is the moment of final agreement between the two parties concerned. The time between that and the marriage is a respite during which preparations are made for the wedding.

A long engagement imposes unnecessary strain on the couple, and should be discouraged.

I suggest that young couples ask themselves three questions:

1.—"Am I and my fiance really grown up?"

I am not thinking here of age or mental development, but, more important, *emotional maturity*.

The most frequent cause of breakdown in marriage is emotional immaturity.

We have all met married men who behaved in the home like spoiled children. Petted by their mothers when they were young, they now expect their wives to tolerate childish tantrums and infantile attitudes.

Or they may treat their wives as if they were children rather than equal partners in a going concern.

There are wives, too, who are far from fitted for the exacting demands and added responsibilities of running a home.

To succeed in marriage and as parents demands that we live at our best in a grown-up world of ideas and behaviour. Nothing less will do. As has been said before, "Only so far as a man is happily married to himself is he fit for married life."

Neither must prevent the other from enlarging his interests or so dominate as to prevent the full growth of personality.

Remember that after marriage the personalities of both the partners must be allowed to continue to develop and mature.

2.—"Do we come from happy homes?"

It is a great advantage in life to have many years of happy family life behind you. Unconsciously, children model themselves on their parents, thereby assimilating good or bad patterns of life and behaviour.

So often a man or a woman has said to me: "I had a miserable childhood and longed to make a happy home. I wanted to give my children what I never had. And now I seem to be making all the same mistakes."

A young mother said, "I hate myself

when I find that I am treating my children like my mother treated us."

It takes a lot of determination, and sometimes skilled guidance, to break away from bad parental patterns. But if we had an unhappy childhood in a divided home, it must be done for the sake of our own happiness and that of our children. An unhappy home is a type of hereditary disease. If our childhood home was a good one, the fates are on our side.

3.—"Are we planning to have children?"

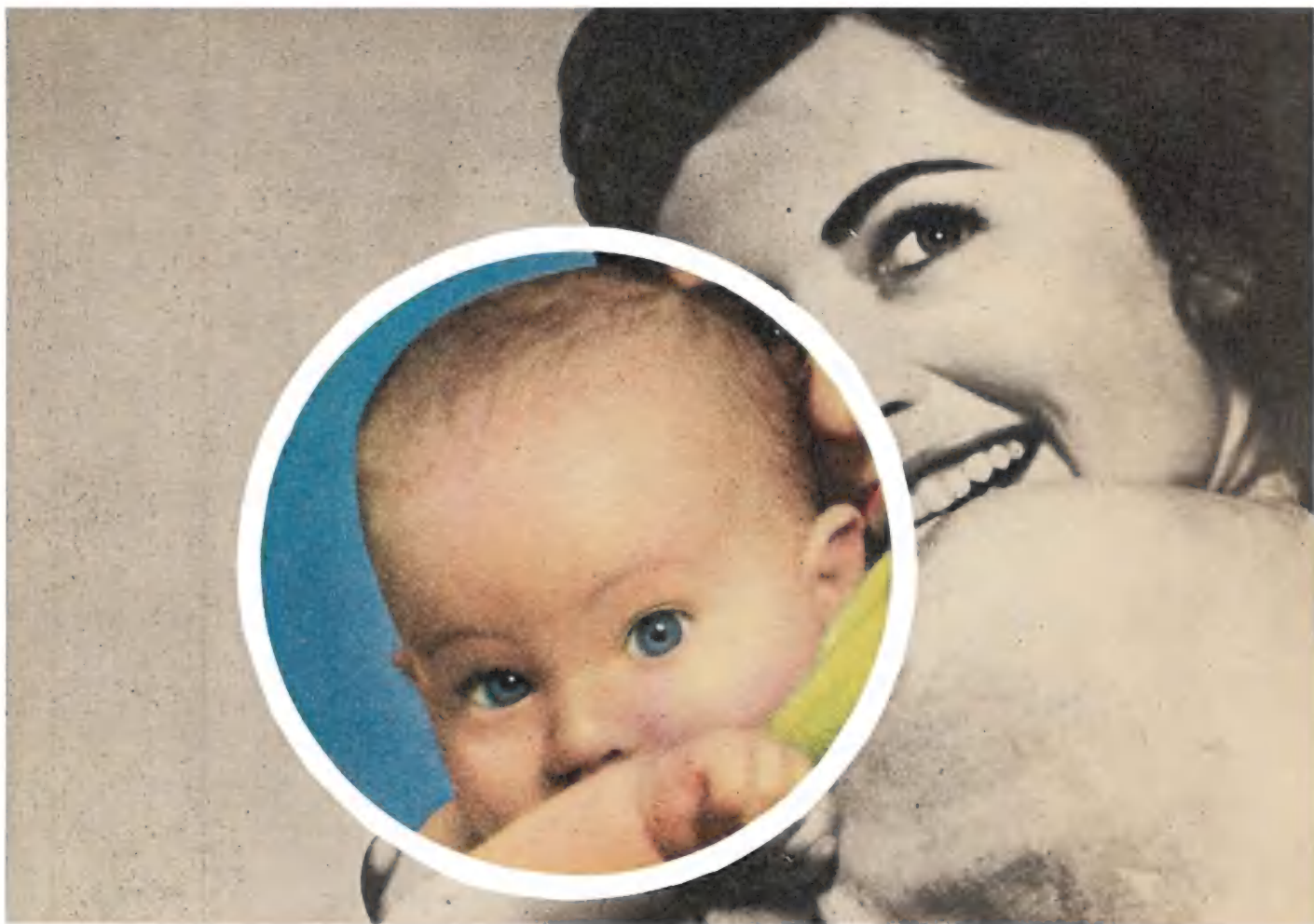
There is a parental instinct deep down in everyone and it must be satisfied. If it is not satisfied in some way it tends to make people close in on themselves, and has a harmful effect on their character.

I have known a few couples who, before marriage, agreed not to have children. Years later the cause of their marital difficulties lay in this very fact. One or other partner was unsatisfied on a deep emotional and instinctive level.

It is wise to plan for children and, if at all possible, to have them early so that you can be young and excited about life along with them.

I know there is a temptation to delay their arrival till you have some money in the bank—but *don't delay too long*. After all, a baby doesn't know whether you gave thirty guineas for his pram or picked it up cheaply.

Children mean added responsibility which the mature person gladly accepts. They provide the parents with a close and common interest, and thereby preclude an over-selfish attitude to life.

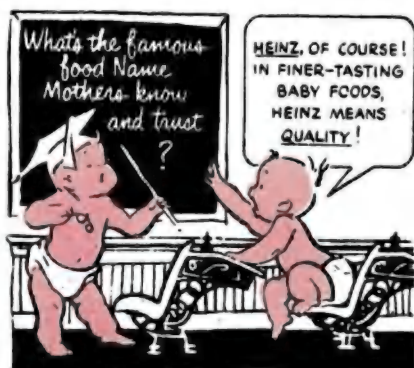


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THE INNER CIRCLE

By SUZANNE

MY friend Wilma Vaughan is one of those mothers who take the responsibilities of parenthood seriously. At a recent parents' meeting at her boy's school, the headmaster stressed the need for mothers to take an active interest in their sons' homework.

It is not enough (said he) to leave a boy to swat in his bedroom o' nights — the good parent swats with him, helps him when he is stuck.

So Wilma gave five nights a week to precisely this. French was young Bert's worst subject, so she gave him a real doing-over in that subject, her own French improving as they went along.

But one day last week Bert came home from school pretty sore with Mum.

"What's wrong?" Wilma asked. "Did we make an awful lot of mistakes in that prose?"

"My trouble is you didn't make enough mistakes," said Bert. "In front of the whole class, Squizzy (the French

really excellent meat at quite moderate prices—mutton, 3d. to 4d. a pound, beef 4d. to 5d.

★ ★ ★
I SAW a lot of Aage Thaarup (the Queen's milliner) when he was in Australia, showing us his latest collection of hats. In a letter the other day he tossed me this scrap of Gossip Royal:

It seems that for a solid month there was great activity in the Buckingham Palace courtyard with pneumatic drills. An avid spectator, day after day, was Prince Charles. At last permission was sought from the Queen to present him with a toy pneumatic drill.

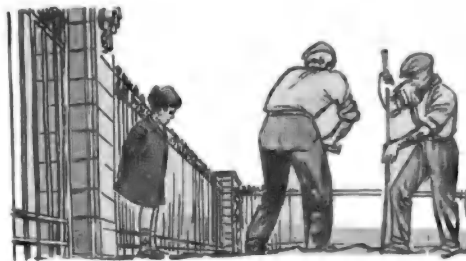
Prince Charles went mad over that drill, gave every spare minute to it, refusing all the advice and assistance which his father offered.

At last the Duke said, "Charles, you're working too hard. Isn't there something I can do to help?"

Without looking up, Charles said, "Well, you could make the blinkin' tea!"

Just like the real pneumatic drillers to their tea-makers!

★ ★ ★
FOR women who hate washing up dishes, I see a pleasant Christmas surprise coming up — a new flexible see-



master) said after he had gone through my homework, 'Vaughan, your mother's French is improving.' The fellows thought it was a heck of a joke."

In this man's world, a woman just can't do right.

★ ★ ★
WHEN things are looking blue (and meat prices are depressing in all conscience) I often turn to my 1888 edition of Mrs. Beaton for comfort. And the dear old lady didn't fail me. There, in the half-dozen paragraphs in which she disposes of Australia, she reports that we have

through plastic.

This material is completely airtight and grease-tight. The idea is that the customer picks her dish, ready prepared and seasoned—dish, fowl or good red herring—from the delicatessen's freezer. Say she has bought a fowl—the transparent, sealed wrapper shows her what she is buying.

She takes it home and pops it in her own 'frig. When it is due for cooking, she transfers it, container and all, to her oven. When it is cooked the bag pops open—no mess, and there it is, ready to place on a plate and serve to the awed family.



BY the time she had waited in the lounge of the Colman Hotel for an hour and ten minutes, Jane was ready to explode. Twice she had tried to telephone David's home and she had got no answer.

There couldn't be any misunderstanding.

This morning he had phoned her at the hospital, where she was a secretary, and he had said: "Let's make it at six tonight. That'll give us an hour and a half for dinner before the show."

And it was now two minutes past seven.

She fidgeted in the chair. Her mind recoiled from the possibility of an accident. At five minutes past seven, because there

was nothing else to do, she went back to the telephone-box and dialled his number again. She knew it by heart now. XY4738. She waited, listening to the ringing tone.

He had been insistent on this date—no doubt because he expected his answer tonight. He was becoming impatient, and Jane could hardly blame him.

It was a week since he had asked her to marry him.

She liked him, she supposed. As her parents had so reasonably pointed out, David Brake had all the attributes one could seek in a husband.

He was good-looking, quick-minded, and [To page 39

CREATED FOR
YOUR FAMILY CIRCLE

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Potter & Moore in the caressing magic
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For gift giving and the home.*

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9/6

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THE HOUSE OF FRAGRANCE

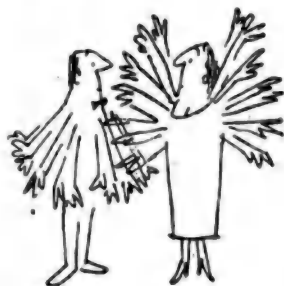
Potter & Moore

LONDON - MELBOURNE



Looking into People

Gestures: Angered or flustered women show emotions with their hands and fingers differently from men, reports psychologist Dr. Maurice H. Krout. He and twenty aides deliberately upset 100 men and women by personal ques-



tions, meanwhile watching their hands.

Most predominant female gestures: Little finger or thumb of one hand held between fingers of the other hand; upturned or entwined palms held in the lap; wrists crossed with one hand to the chin; reversed cupped hand held in the other hand.

Male gestures: Fingers interlaced; four fingers of one hand in the palm of the other; arms dangled between legs; fists rested on a flat surface.

Smugness allergy: Do you get violently annoyed by smug-looking people? Dig into your subconscious, says psychoanalyst Jacob A. Arlow, and you may find it's because you enviously identify them with contented breast-fed babies, whereas you yourself were probably a bottle-fed and unsatisfied infant, or suffered emotional or physical hunger in later years.

"Femininity" haters: Men who sneer most at "feminine" traits in others and whoop loudest for virile masculinity may be covering up their own lack of manliness, say psychologists.

Dr. Dean A. Allen queried a hundred young men on their feelings towards males who let women boss them, who weren't go-getters or athletes, showed tenderness, had weak handshakes, couldn't

hold their liquor, and so on. Tests showed that those most contemptuous of these traits were inwardly most fearful of their own weaknesses.

Jazz rebels: Jazz and its offshoots represent a rebellion both against "strait-jacket" classical music and against social restraints and injustices, thinks musical psychiatrist Norman D. Margolis. That's why, he says, jazz has appealed most to three main "protest groups." These groups are (1) negroes, from whose ancestors' plaintive "protest" songs—the slave songs and spirituals—came the blues, and in turn jazz, swing, bebop, "cool jazz," and so on; (2) adolescents, who find an outlet in this music for their suppressed resentments against discipline; and (3) intellectuals, who respond to jazz because of its creative and self-expressive aspects.

"I like me." Conceited? Maybe. But liking oneself is the first requirement for liking other people, reports psychologist Katherine T. O'neill.

She found this interesting relationship in various groups: those who liked themselves most often liked and respected others; those who couldn't stand themselves tended to have low opinions of others



and to assume that these others, too, disliked themselves.

School phobia: If a child has such a fear of school that it's hard to make her go, the trouble may be with her mother, says psychiatrist Virginia Suttentopf. Probing cases of school phobia she found behind each case either the child's worry that her mother didn't love her enough or such extreme dependence on the mother that the child dreaded any separation.

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1633/-, 1634/-, 1635/-, 1636/-, 1637/-, 1638/-, 1639/-, 1640/-

F Family F fashions for



Tiny pink and white check print is cleverly adapted to achieve the fashionable full skirt and keep its crisp appeal in frills and gathers. The neat simple bodices are a complete contrast in youthful simplicity. The straw boaters are the last word in Paris now for the overseas Spring.

S summer

Fashions for the family, fresh as a summer breeze, have been specially chosen by Family Circle for November. Here is crisp, flattering pink for Miss Teenage, soft red for Miss Twenty-One, and dainty full-skirted delphinium blue, with frilly white front, for Miss Twelve-to-Fourteen's party frock. For Mother, the theme is pink again, for cocktails, for dinner and for evening-glamor at the end of her strenuous day . . .



The most striking note of this smart raspberry red dress for Miss 21 is the unusual picket-edged collar, and black pencil line, following the curve of the collar above it.



A glamorous up-to-the-minute dress for Mother for party time or dining out, and a wide-sleeved, roomy pink coat with long roll collar and swagger-back.

A dress for Miss Twelve-Fourteen, the soft delphinium blue model is gathered round the waist with unpressed pleats. Frilled lace tucking gives the bodice the stamp of youth under the unusual high-necked collar.



You're an Expert Right from the Start

with the inexpensive,
easy-to-use

* HANIMEX

DIGNA

**CANDID
CAMERA**



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Right from the start you'll take beautiful pictures—pictures to preserve cherished memories—with the clever, simple-to-use, ready-for-action DIGNA Candid Camera! This amazingly low-priced camera takes twelve 2 1/4" x 2 1/4" pictures on popular 120 film. The shutter is automatically synchronised for easy flash photos. Sturdy, all-steel construction with tube-mounted lens, accessory shoe, tripod socket and optical viewfinder.

DIGNA f/8—Achromat lens, special 2-speed shutter, three-point focusing. **£3/15/-**.
DIGNA f/4.5 (Illustrated)—Anastigmat lens, Vario shutter to 1/200th second. **£7/15/-**.
DIGNA f/2.9—Anastigmat lens, Prontor shutter, speeds to 1/200th sec. **£12/10/-**.



FLASH photography is such fun!

Anyone can do it! Now you can take flash photographs *any time*—indoors—at night—or cut out unwanted shadows in daylight snaps. It's easy—and so inexpensive! Illustrated with the Digna camera above is the "PRAZISA" flash gun: compact, reliable, highly efficient reflector; testing switch; capacitor for battery economy—all for only 29/6! Other recommended models: ATO No. 1, 35/-; "HANIMEX," £3/19/-; "TURRET," £4/9/6.

For better than average results
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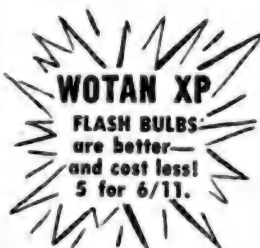
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Do You Talk Too Much?

Take a hint from Henry S. Haskins: "The time to stop talking is when the other fellow nods his head affirmatively, but says nothing".

YOUR companions may be too courteous to tell you what they think, but you can be sure that you are boring, indiscreet, or inane if you are too loquacious.

This quiz will help you to find out if you open your mouth at the wrong time or place. If you suspect that you talk too much, you had better learn to keep a wary eye on your audience-reaction.

Examine this list and score 3 for each question that gives you the answer Yes:

1. When embarrassed, are you too profuse in your apologies?

2. Do you generally offer more excuses and explanations for an error than are necessary?

3. Do you keep breaking resolves not to say spiteful, insulting things when you are angry?

4. Do you often relate confidential, personal matters you

later wish you had not revealed?

5. When other people are present, do you frequently irk friends or relatives by telling funny but embarrassing stories about them?

6. Do you somehow make tactless remarks which offend others?

7. Have you, on several occasions, failed to complete a deal or be chosen for a job because you became nervous and over-talkative?

8. Do you call people on the telephone and keep up a rather aimless conversation for a long time?

9. A story may be interesting, but do you generally feel the need to add a few improbable touches?

10. Do others usually have to nudge you to let you know someone else wants the floor or is politely waiting for a chance to say something?

**BY
WELLS
CARR**

YOUR SCORE SHEET

24-30: If this is your score, other people consider you an irksome, long-winded bore! Study this quiz to detect where you tend to talk too much and what psychological factors might be responsible.

9-21: You reveal that you are a bit nervous and unstable

and you, too, should carefully review questions which added to your score, for you often fail to know when to stop talking or when you offend others.

6 or less: You rarely need to be told when silence is golden.

So this is love

WE are all born for love; it is the principle of existence and its only end.

—Disraeli.

TO love and win is the best thing; to love and lose the next best.

—Thackeray.

MEN always want to be a woman's first love—women like to be a man's last romance.

—Oscar Wilde.

SO long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others, I would almost say we are indispensable.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Cashmere Bouquet

brings you gifts with the

HIGH-PRICED LOOK

all under

9¢



CB9
2/9



CB27
2/3



CB18
8/3



CB22
5/-



CB20
3/3



CB29
6/9



CB7
2/10



CB25
5/-



CB26
6/6



CB8
3/6

CB9—Gleaming gold gift pack, gay with bells, holds Cashmere Bouquet talc to surround her with fragrance.

CB18—Delight her with this enchanting orchid-trimmed fabric box holding Cashmere Bouquet face powder, soap and Crown perfume.

CB20—Flower-bedecked pack to bring her the loveliest of fragrant Cashmere Bouquet beauty soaps—three cakes.

CB25—Let her open this fascinating twin pack to find her best loved Cashmere Bouquet talc and two cakes of beauty soap.

CB26—Light her happy way with this golden candlestick. The base contains Cashmere Bouquet face powder and the candle holds lipstick.

CB27—Even the windows open in this delightful gift pack which holds three cakes of Cashmere Bouquet beauty soap.

CB22—Romantic gift box holds Cashmere Bouquet Cologne, two cakes of soap.

CB7—Cashmere Bouquet talc and beauty soap in a gay gift wrap that wishes her "Happy Christmas."

CB8—A gilded cage brings her Cashmere Bouquet talc and beauty soap.

CB29—Cashmere Bouquet Peaches 'n Cream complete make-up in mirror compact, gift packed in gold foil.

CHOOSE FROM THESE AND OTHER ENTRANCING GIFTS MADE READY FOR GIVING BY CASHMERE BOUQUET

KILL PAIN—ALL PAIN—FASTER PROPAIN

**SYNERGISED
A.P.C.**

Acts twice as fast . . . without digestive upsets

Pain-relieving preparations act *only as fast as they reach the blood stream*. Synergised Propain reaches the blood stream *twice as fast* as ordinary aspirin because its synergistic action *protects* the stomach from aspirin irritation and prevents gastric upsets. The Synergisin in Propain also increases the effectiveness of the other pain-killing ingredients by eliminating tension. Prove Propain superiority yourself . . . go now, today, to your chemist, who will gladly tell you about this modern method of killing pain *faster*.

**PAIN RELIEVING INGREDIENTS IN
THE BLOOD AFTER 10 MINUTES**

PROPAIN

**ORDINARY
ANALGESICS**

This chart shows the **twice as fast** action of synergised pain relieving preparations. Clinical studies demonstrated that people who take a synergised product have twice as much pain-relieving ingredients in the blood stream after ten minutes as those who take ordinary preparations.



Available in both tablets and powders.

PROPAIN IS SAFE! Propain is non-habit-forming, cannot harm the heart and it is safe to administer in small dosage to children. Its proven A.P.C. formula rapidly brings peace to the nervous system which registers and transmits pain impulses, whilst its exclusive synergistic action soothes the stomach membranes. Propain is not marketed as a cure-all but as a scientific pain-relieving preparation which brings **faster** relief to those suffering pain — all types of pain.

Brings quick relief from the pain of:

**Headache - Neuralgia - Toothache - Rheumatism
Periodic Pains - Muscular Pains - Sore Throat, etc.**

Prevents:

Heartburn - Digestive Upsets - Nausea



For economy
buy the large
100 tablet size

**YOUR CHEMIST
RECOMMENDS
PROPAIN**



PROPAIN IS ENDORSED BY THE FEDERATED PHARMACEUTICAL SERVICE GUILD OF AUSTRALIA.

Do The STARS Guide Your Life?

Don't say there's nothing in it. Millions of pounds a year are earned by an industry as ancient as human credulity.

IN 1922 a famous New York astrologer told a young actress that her stars were favorable for success abroad. Taking the hint, the impulsive girl persuaded a visiting English producer to look the London situation over for her when he returned home. He worded the promised cable as kindly as he could—"Do not come now." Back over the Atlantic came her answer: "I'm coming, anyway."

Since the young lady was Tallulah



GENIINE

Bankhead, she did go—and walked into the part that launched her career. The stars have guided her ever since.

The stars did an equally dramatic job on Evangeline Adams, the astrologer in the case. A descendant of the Presidential family, she brought astrology from the gipsy tent to famous clients like J. P. Morgan, the financier, and a long list of hard-headed surgeons, lawyers, and statesmen, including a president of the New York Stock Exchange.

One day Evangeline Adams saw the horoscope of a stranger who fitted her planetary requirements for a husband. She forthrightly ferreted out the owner, G. E. Jordan, and arranged to have him sent to her studio. The two of them were duly married. Mr. Jordan, also an astrologer, predicted the date of his



TAURUS

wife's death to within twenty-two minutes.

Astrologers hold that the position the planets happen to be in when you are born lays down the foundation of your character; as they move through the heavens during your life, their varying rays determine your chances for love, wealth, health, and even your chance of finding a becoming hat.

Astrologers record their data on a wheel-like diagram called a horoscope. An astrologer's comments are a little hard for laymen to follow. For one female in-

quirer for instance, if "Jupiter is in her creative fifth house, trine her Libra moon, and Saturn is transitting near her fourth-house cusp with Uranus trine Mercury," the subject is in for revolutionary changes. It's all right for the lady to cash her bonds, buy into uranium, and take that trip abroad.

Established scientists in more orthodox fields, who regularly pull miracles out of their own research, say that astrology is just as nonsensical as it sounds. Nevertheless, millions the world over take it for gospel truth. Several hundred daily newspapers and many magazines throughout the world carry astrology



LEO

columns, and more would be published if newspapers considered reader interest alone.

Professional astrologers who cast individual horoscopes denounce wholesale forecasts as "mere fortune-telling," but with canned horoscope readings, face-to-face counselling, and the astrology Press, the industry may gross as much as fifty million pounds a year on a world-wide total.

The influence of astrologers is easier to prove than the influence of the stars.

A rich Bostonian put up the money to educate singer Geraldine Farrar because an astrologer said she would win success "by the throat." Marie Dressler



ASTRO

was available for her comeback in "Tug-boat Annie" because her astrologer urged her to postpone a trip to Europe.

One astrologer believes that girls born in June, July, and August do the best job of "pretty-pretty" girl modelling. She has noticed that most of the beauties of high-fashion advertisements and fashion houses were born in April or May, and that you need to be born in November or December if you aspire to success in television.

On the grim side, astrologers egged on Hitler to change the course of history for a thousand years. Perhaps they had no choice. One stargazer who forecast Hitler's doom disappeared unpleasantly himself. During the war British Intelligence, passing up no bet, hired an astrologer to report on what Hitler's men should be telling him about the most auspicious



SCORPIO

days for the invasion of England. One theory of Britain's salvation is that Hitler couldn't get his astrologers and his weathermen to green-light the same date.

While all this was going on the British censors kept a sharp eye on the home front. A newspaper seer called Lyndoe acquired so faithful a following for his predictions on the daily course of the war that the Government asked him to suppress dates of future events.

The questions that people ask astrologers are a directory of human uncertainty. They concern love, family affairs, money, and health, in that order of frequency. Practising astrologers agree that questions about love are far in the [To page 50]



Tallulah Bankhead walked into the part that launched her career because she believed in the stars.

Brilliant Beauty

that delights the eye.

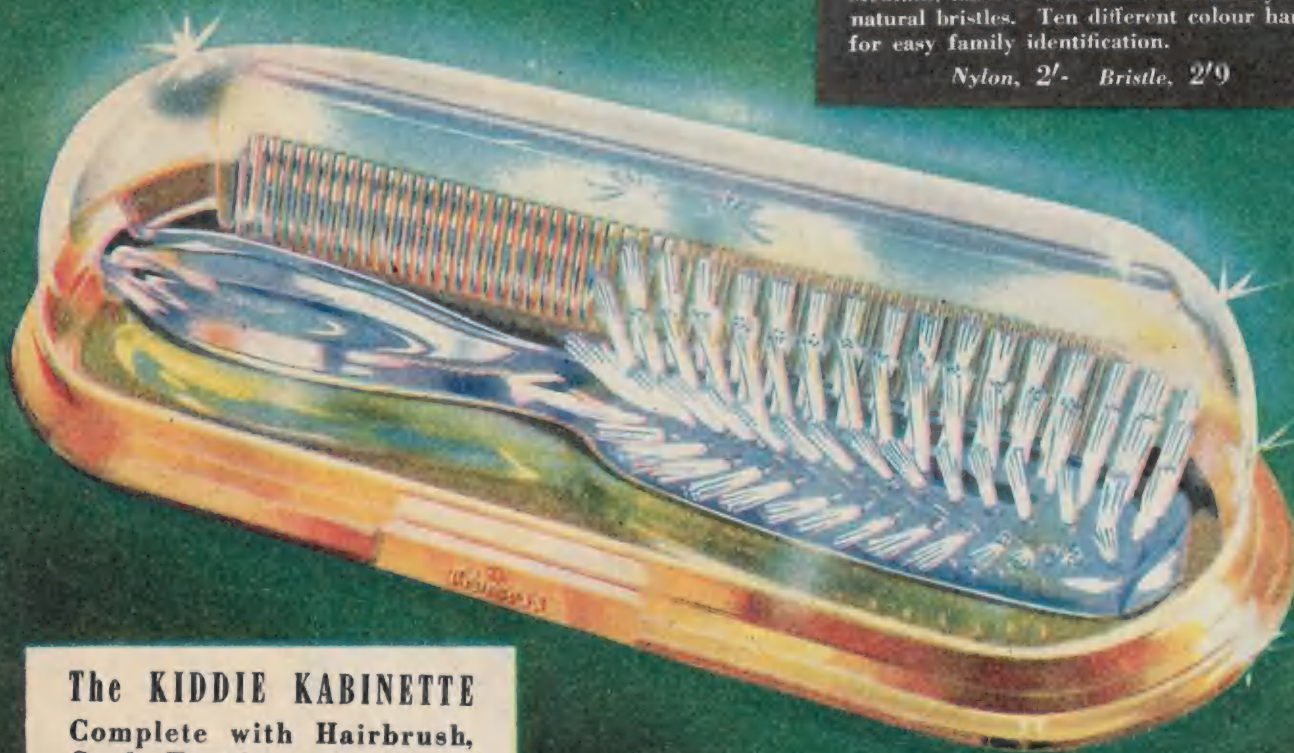
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DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE



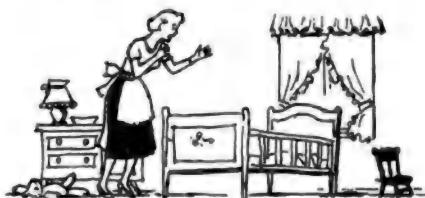
Does your baby frighten you by sleeping on his face? Are you self-conscious because

you do not measure up in physical attraction to your friends? FAMILY CIRCLE'S Doctor discusses these and other problems on his consulting list today

MRS. S— came to me today, worried about her young baby boy. He is very strong and healthy, she told me, but when she goes to his cot she finds him asleep, lying face downward on the pillow.

"It has me nearly frantic, Doctor," she said. "I keep hearing of babies who have smothered because they could not roll back off their faces." I was able to send Mrs. S— away happy.

Her story is one that has been handed down from generation to generation, and accepted blindly by most parents. I told Mrs. S— that recently some overseas doctors decided to investigate thoroughly this question of so-called smothering. They searched diligently through the records of several of the children's hospitals of a



large European city, and carefully sifted out the medical case histories of these alleged victims of mischance.

The results were startling—in practically every case some organic cause of death was found—perhaps a congenital heart condition, an acute type of pneumonia, or cerebral haemorrhage. These research workers showed conclusively that such fears as Mrs. S—'s are groundless.

MRS. J—, a married woman of 24, with two children, sought help for a common complaint—varicose veins—a source of worry to many mothers.

"In my first pregnancy, Doctor," she said, "I had mild varicose veins, but in my second the veins were much larger and very painful, although they recovered after the baby was born. If I have a third baby, is it true that the varicose veins will stay forever?"

The presence of varicose veins, during and after pregnancy, is common. Because of physiological changes, the normal function of the veins of the legs is sometimes impaired. At first this is often only a temporary phase, and, after confinement, the veins return to normal.

Sometimes, however, there is residual damage which remains permanent. This, of course, can be progressive, and is often more extensive as the number of pregnancies increase. Hence, a mother of three children is more likely to have varicose veins than a mother of one child.

"In your case, Mrs. J—," I said, "it is quite possible that your veins could become worse following another pregnancy, but modern treatment is very satisfactory, and there is no reason why you should not have another child."



JOHAN, a weedy, pale-faced youth and worried about his physical appearance, nervously sought my help.

John had recently taken up weight-lifting and rowing to develop himself physically, and his parents were strongly opposed to this. "They tell me that I am not a robust person and will strain my heart and do all sorts of harm to my health," he said. "What is your advice, Doctor?"

I commended him for his spirit and pluck. "The basis of your approach to the problem is, I am certain, a correct one," I told him.

"Provided the exercise is graduated and not too strenuous to begin with, it has no bad effect on a healthy heart. If you have had a medical check-up and you know there is nothing organically wrong with you, there is no reason why you should not begin exercises such as you have suggested. Commonsense must be your guide."



HAROLD E— came to me to settle a difference of opinion between him and his wife on the subject of a tetanus injection.

He had been bitten on the hand by a dog, and, although his wife begged him to see a doctor, he did not bother, because he did not think it was necessary. But he had agreed at last to ask for medical advice.

His wife was quite right. The bite of a dog, especially if the teeth go through the skin, is not without risk, and the only completely safe procedure is to have an anti-tetanus serum injection.

The risk of tetanus occurring after a wound is dependent on the severity of the wound and, to a less extent, on infection. The tetanus germs can only survive if they are not in contact with air, hence, any penetrating wound such as a dog bite or a nail run deep into the flesh is a potential source of tetanus.

8 out of 10 dent recommend



According to independent surveys, 8 out of 10 dentists recommending a toothpaste recommend Ipana above all others.

Both
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With i
IPAN

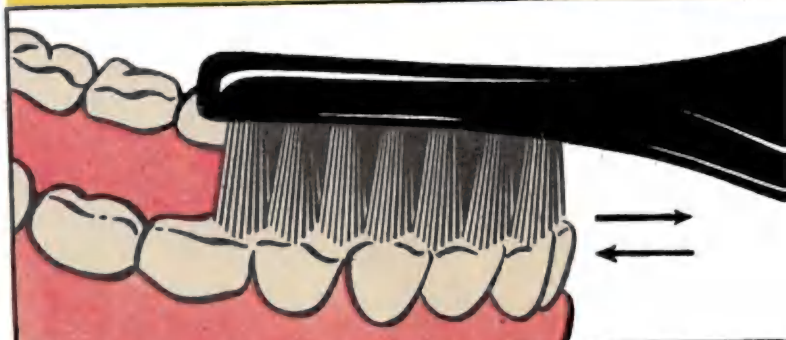
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS
FAMILY CIRCLE
November, 1955

ntists



Both Regular IPANA and IPANA with Chlorophyll contain WD-9, which destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria. Tests in America have shown that using Ipana, in the way your dentist recommends, can reduce tooth decay up to 60% . . . and stop unpleasant breath (originating in the mouth) for up to 9 hours. With its sparkling new flavour and extra-foaminess, IPANA "fights decay the best-tasting way."

How to brush your teeth scientifically



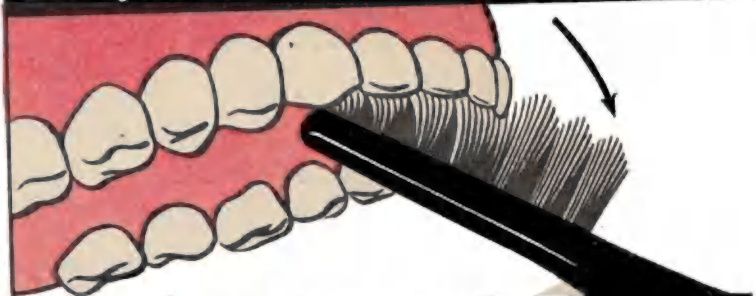
With $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of Ipana on the brush, clean backwards and forwards on the chewing surfaces of your teeth.



With a rolling motion, brush outer surfaces of teeth, working from gum margins to biting edges.



Clean inside teeth in same way as outer surfaces—brushing from gums to biting edges.



Changing position of brush, clean inside front teeth—downward for upper teeth, upward for lower teeth.

**USED IN THIS WAY AFTER EATING,
NEW IPANA CAN PREVENT
UP TO 60% OF TOOTH DECAY**

Somehow blondes always look ovelier,
so become as blonde as you
please, or achieve golden highlights,
with Napro. It's so very easy
and safe, and leaves your hair soft,
silky and exciting. Do it to-day.



Napro
blonding emulsion

Hand this form to your Guild Family Chemist

Join the FAMILY CIRCLE

Please reserve my copy of "Family Circle" each
month until further notice.

Name

Address

Date



**LAUGHS
WITH THE
FAMILY**

"I've always wanted a house
on the side of a hill."



"Stop crying! It's not food - It's just medicine."



"More wallpaper catalogues again today, Mr.
Phillips. . . Looking for just the right design, eh?"

GERMS CAUSE MANY CHRONIC DISEASES!

Vaccines taken by mouth proved beneficial in treatment and for promoting immunity!



An important development in the treatment of such chronic disorders as catarrh and bronchitis and certain types of rheumatic conditions has been the growing use of vaccines taken by mouth (or orally) instead of by injection with a needle.

In the introduction to an important review of the available literature about oral vaccines, Dr. David Thomson, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Director of the Pickett-Thomson Research Laboratory in London, and his co-workers say that, after having reviewed all the available literature about the use of oral vaccines, they are convinced that immunity can be obtained with vaccines administered by the oral route. Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows: "In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been most employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

THE THEORY OF IMMUNISATION

The theory of immunisation against disease by the use of vaccines dates back to Dr. Edward Jenner and Louis Pasteur. In everyday language, immediately a germ attack takes place, a highly specialised system of cells goes into action to repel the invader.



LANTIGEN is taken like ordinary medicine.

Infection occurs when the body's resistance is low or the invading germs are particularly virulent.

Vaccines, whether administered by mouth or

by injection with a hypodermic needle, are used simply to supplement the body's natural resistance—to build it up so that infection by germ attack is made more difficult.



LANTIGEN treats first—then helps in promoting immunity.

This effect is created as the vaccine stimulates the vital tissue cells to produce what are called "antibodies." These "antibodies" are in effect antidotes to the germ poisons. They neutralise the effect of these poisons

and help to produce a new or reinforce an old resistance against the organism causing the complaint.

ORAL VACCINES EASY TO USE!

Obviously the use of a vaccine taken by mouth is very convenient and, on this ground alone, has much to commend it.

Oral vaccines of a modern type are readily available in Australia under the name of Lantigen. The most popular are known as Lantigen 'B' which is used in the treatment of catarrhal and bronchial infections. Lantigen 'C' is used in the treatment of germ-caused rheumatic complaints and Lantigen 'E' used for Hay Fever and Asthma.

WORLD-WIDE USE!

Lantigen was developed in Australia, in 1936, but since it was first made available, Laboratories for its preparation have been established in England and South Africa, and more than 4,000,000 bottles have been sold throughout the world. Every Lantigen Laboratory is staffed by fully qualified bacteriologists working under medical direction.

It is very simple to take (just a few drops in water at bedtime) and is perfectly safe for men, women and children of all ages. It contains no drugs and does not interfere with any other treatment.

WHAT USERS SAY!

People who have used Lantigen 'B' say: "Free from colds and catarrh for 12 years." "All the misery of catarrh gone." "Bronchitis relief at last." "Baby's bronchitis broken." "No work lost in winter."

Of Lantigen 'C' users report: "Feet Swollen to Three Times Size—Now Normal—Pain Free!"

"Aches and Pains All Gone!" "Bad Pains Gone at Last!" "Now Free From Joint Pains!" Detailed reports from users may be inspected at the offices of Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., 103 York Street, Sydney.

These reports frequently say that not only have the symptoms of infection cleared away, but freedom from further attacks has been enjoyed for years afterwards. The letters comment on the improvement in general health and the renewed ability to sleep which the Lantigen user enjoys.

AN ECONOMICAL TREATMENT!

And yet, for all the benefits it brings, Lantigen is an economical treatment. A bottle lasts such a long time that, if used as recommended, Lantigen costs only a few pence per day. All chemists have Lantigen in stock. Ask your chemist for the Lantigen suitable for your complaint.



Today—take the first step to ease and comfort
ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR
Lantigen

ORAL VACCINES

LANTIGEN 'B'

for Catarrh,
Bronchitis.

LANTIGEN 'C'

for germ-caused
Rheumatic Complaints.

LANTIGEN 'E'

for Hay Fever,
Asthma.

For COUGHS from COLDS,

ASK FOR DOUBLE-ACTING

Edinburgh Cough Mixture

INCLUDES the Anti-cold Vaccine LANTIGEN . . .
Soothes Deep Down!

Product of Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
103 York Street, Sydney

YOUR FRIEND THE Family

MIDWAY between the reserved, highly trained medical profession and the millions of ordinary people stands the Guild family chemist, the man who must have something of everything.

He must be specialist enough to compound the most difficult prescriptions without making one mistake—the mistake which could be fatal — throughout his entire career.

He must know about the latest wonder drugs; their uses and their dangers.

When old Mrs. Richards, a long-stand-

ing and valued customer, comes into the store and says: "I've had a terrible headache for two days. Can you give me something stronger than aspirin?" he must be enough of a diagnostician to know whether she is a case for the chemist or the doctor.

Yet when a young wife comes in with her baby and shows him the ugly red splotches on its neck he may be able to give her a proprietary medicine which will cure the trouble without the expense and delay of going to a doctor or baby health centre.

The Guild chemist runs a shop like an ordinary shopkeeper, yet is much more than a small tradesman. One chemist sums it up this way: "This isn't really a shop. It's the local bureau of first aid, social welfare, and free advice on all sorts of problems."

Immediately he opens he may be faced with a minor emergency. Hardly does he have his coat off when a woman rushes in. "Thank goodness you're open," she says, breathlessly. "Johnny just broke the baby's bottle and it's feeding time."



A Sandringham (Vic.) mother gets advice on the proper feeding of her child from her friendly local Guild Chemist.

CREAM

BY ALAN STAPLES

Today's chemist is a unique blend of scientist, adviser, businessman, and confidant. He will mix you a complex prescription or tell you what's best for those nagging headaches.

Chemist

The man smiles and reaches for a baby bottle.

"Better give me two," the woman adds. "I never know when Johnny will go on another rampage."

Wrapping the bottles, the man says, "This may come as a surprise to you, but science has proved that nothing will happen to a baby if she's fed a little late."

The woman smiles, half turns to go, and says, "Thanks. I suppose you're right—again."

And so, having restored calm to one household and dispensed the bit of advice

that most people feel is their due with everything they buy in a chemist's, he begins the day's work.

Before it ends, he will have rung up sales for items as varied as toothpaste, aspirin, and lipstick; he would have compounded prescriptions for such ancient remedies as tincture of belladonna, and for modern miracle drugs like streptomycin and penicillin.

He would have bandaged a cyclist's scraped knee, removed a fleck of dust from a woman's eye—for neither of which services could he accept payment—and faced questions like, "Say, what's good for a stiff neck?"

All this takes the average proprietor from 75 to 90 hours a week, during most of which his feet hurt and during some of which he probably wonders how he ever got mixed up in such a business.

He arranges with other local chemists that one of them should be available during a holiday or weekends for urgent prescriptions and emergencies.

Yet he probably wouldn't change places with the owner of the biggest store in his suburb or town. Why? Because he and his shop, accepted without a second thought by his neighbors, are a vital part of a modern community. Because his being "there" performs an essential service and makes every adult in the town feel easier.

That's an everyday feeling for chemists, and they have developed almost a psychic sense about it. Countless appendectomies, for instance, have been performed after the chemist has sent the stomach-ache inquiry to the doctor.

Headaches come in the same category. Most chemists know clients and can tell when the headache is one that needs medical attention.

One nightmare haunts the chemist, and that is borrowed medicine. In spite of the most solemn warning, Mrs. Brown will persist in lending her friends the medicine that was made up for her.

It's not so bad when the friend arrives

with the borrowed prescription, because the chemist can send her to the doctor, who should be prescribing the right medicine.

"But it did me so much good," says Mrs. Brown, surprised at her chemist's refusal to make up the prescription.

"It might not do your friend any good at all. It might do her harm," explains the chemist.

All chemists are good psychologists. If they pinned up a tract for their own benefit it would have two large words printed on it—Patience and Tact.

What must a chemist say, for instance, when a client asks his advice and, before he can answer, the next customer in line tells her just what to do and what to take, and the chemist knows the advice is wrong? Does he say what he thinks and lose a customer? That is a problem he faces two or three times a day.

He must keep a straight face when a client asks for a bottle of "spirit of alimony" (spirit of ammonia) or a bandage for her "various veins."

New Australians have brought another time factor into the life of the busy chemist. Many are completely at sea in their medical instructions, cannot read the labels, and have to be carefully told, over and over again, just how and when to take their medicine.

Today many chemists arrange for their assistants to take a course in cosmetics. In addition they often have the services for a few days of a cosmetics expert from one of the big names in the industry to assist them in this busy section of many chemists' shops today.

"Customers ask our advice on the best creams and powders for their skins, the right lipsticks," say chemists.

Your chemist is a valuable institution, man of all work, patient, tactful, knowledgeable, the middle man between patient and doctor, calming fears, giving kindly warnings, discreet—the family friend—a safe friend to have.





The most natural-looking wave!

Longest lasting wave!

Faster than any other home permanent!

Crest guarantees all this . . . or *double* your money back

It's what you've been hoping for ever since home permanents began. With Crest's miraculous Creme-Rose waving lotion, you really do get a softer, shinier, more natural curl. There never was a permanent so good to hair. While Crest waves—so swiftly, yet so gently—it conditions your precious hair. You'll see the sheen, feel the softness. And with a Crest outfit, there's no elaborate preparation, no complicated ritual. Only a little while and you'll have the prettiest, most natural, longest-lasting wave you've ever had—at any price!

A Curl or Two

You only want a few curls? Hair ends need "prettying-up"? Then Crest's Junior Kit is for you! So handy and so quick. And costs only 8/6.

FULL KIT 24/-
REFILL (using any make of curler), 12/6



Off duty... On duty
Lovely Ansett Air Hostesses prefer Crest

To be well-groomed always is a vital part of a hostess's job. Crest keeps her hair manageable, soft and natural-looking off duty or on.



DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK OFFER

The makers of Crest are so sure you'll be satisfied that, if your Crest wave is not the best you've ever had from a home perm, when used according to instructions, they'll give you double your money back.



CREST, the choice of Ansett Airways Hostesses

Sorry
You've
Been
Troubled



From page 21

endowed with the prosperous paper business his father had left. In fact, he had everything in his favor, including, Jane had heard, a charming and beautiful mother.

Yet there was something that made her unsure of David—or perhaps of herself.

Could it be that she'd become too fond of Bob Whitman at the hospital? Bob was casual, slow-grinning, easy-going — almost David's opposite. Bob, too, wanted to marry her.

But Bob felt he had to wait. He still had his examinations to take before he could support a wife. He was the kind who balked at attaching himself to a girl's salary.

A click in the telephone stopped her thoughts. A woman's voice said, "Hello?"

"Hello!" Jane said quickly. "Is David there?"

"David? No. He—"

"Have you any idea what's happened to him? He was to meet me at the Colman at seven . . ." She checked herself. "Are you his mother?"

"No," the woman said. "I'm his wife."

Jane knew David too well to be shocked. Obviously this was a wrong number. At the same instant, looking out of the box, she saw David himself — a harassed and hurrying David—searching wildly around the lounge.

"Excuse me, please!" she said. She put the receiver down and rushed out to him in the hotel lounge.

He seized both her hands. "Jane! I'm dreadfully sorry!"

"What on earth happened?"

"I had to drive down to Surrey. I allowed myself plenty of time to get back by six. But the engine suddenly went dead on me."

She felt unutterably relieved. "It's all right," she said, "as long as you're well."

He looked at the clock and groaned.

"Less than half an hour to get to the theatre! We'd better have just a sandwich. We can eat somewhere after the show."

They went into the hotel's restaurant and urged the waiter

to hurry. Suddenly, a dismayed expression swept over Jane's face. She straightened, actually gasped.

David stared at her. "What's the matter?"

"I just realised what an awful thing I did! I'll bet I've thrown some couple into a state!"

She told him about the wrong number; how she had hit upon a home in which there was a David — a David with a wife!

Leaning back, David broke into laughter. "Honestly, Jane, that's the funniest—"

"I wish I hadn't rung off so fast," she said. "I wish I'd stopped to explain." She shook her head. "How dreadful! Imagine what I may have done to that poor woman."

Chuckling, David glanced at his watch.

"Well, you'd better forget it," he said. "There's no time even to worry about it now."

Jane ate as quickly as she could, but her mind clung to the unfortunate telephone call. It was twenty minutes past seven when she got a fantastic idea.

"Perhaps I can get her again and explain," she said.

"Get the same wrong number? How?"

"When I dialled I probably put my finger into a slot to the left or the right of one of the numbers I wanted. If I misdial XY4738 in the same way—I mean first trying both slots next to the four, then next to the seven, then next the three, and so on—sooner or later I may hit the same number."

"Jane, are you crazy?"

"My conscience would be much easier if I tried."

He pointed to his watch. "We've got only ten minutes!"

"I'll worry all evening if I don't try." She got up. "You can get the bill."

"You're crazy!" He looked exasperated. "We'll be late for the show."

"We'll be only a few minutes late," she pleaded. "Please, David."

She hurried to the cashier for a shilling's worth of pennies, then went into the box.

When she had dialled XY3738, she glanced through the glass door. She could see David paying the bill, and his lips were tight and furious.

A man answered the first call. He said wearily: "No David here." Her second try brought the [To page 52]



DONALD DUCK STRAINED FOODS *for Baby*

Specially prepared to the correct texture for proper digestion and elimination. Highly nutritious—made from only fresh, choice, pure ingredients to ensure a balanced diet. Recommended by Babycraft Authorities for weaning babies to solids, they are both easy to prepare and economical to serve. Obtainable in all popular varieties of strained meats, vegetables and fruits. Ask your chemist for DONALD DUCK Strained Foods, the right food for baby.

NO GUESSWORK

with NEW

Toni Trio

same waving time

3
HOME PERMS

for any type of hair

Just 15 minutes is the exact waving time for every type of hair when you choose your correct Toni . . . Super, Regular or Gentle. And because Toni Seal-a-Wave Solution locks in your wave instantly and permanently, you get the most natural wave of your life in the easiest, fastest way.

Super Toni
FOR
HARD-TO-WAVE
HAIR

Regular Toni
FOR
NORMAL HAIR

Gentle Toni
FOR
EASY-TO-WAVE
HAIR

SUPER • REGULAR • GENTLE
One's a NATURAL for you!

12¢
EACH

★ BEFORE YOUR TONI PERM USE "WHITE RAIN" LOTION SHAMPOO
"R37E"

Honeymoon in

*Rufus Welby was a specialist
in geysers, but his knowledge of
girls was decidedly lacking.*

HOLLY SPRING glanced at the dashboard clock as she guided the sedan up the winding grade. She double-checked with her wristwatch. Exactly noon.

"We'll hit Moran at one o'clock," she told her parents, who occupied the rear seat. "An hour for lunch. That'll put us at Old Faithful at 3.30 sharp."

Her mother said resignedly. "Yes, dear." Her father shifted his cigar and rolled his eyes heavenward.

Thad and Mary Spring were a week out of San Francisco on what was to have been a leisurely holiday tour of the national parks. But Holly, at the last minute, had decided to accompany them. Holly had laid out the itinerary and was doing all the driving. Like the dashboard clock, they were running exactly on time.

Holly suddenly slowed the pace. A dusty roadster was stalled on the grade ahead. The hood was up, emitting steam, oil smoke, and the snarling of a boiling radiator. An amazingly tall and well-built young man was poking apprehensively at the gurgling engine with a screwdriver.

Holly brought the sedan to a stop and cut off the engine. "Oh, no!" her father moaned.

"He might need help," Holly said firmly.

She walked to the stalled car, which was loaded with an amazing clutter of boxes, rock specimens, and apparatus whose purpose she could not identify. She joined the owner in peering at the engine. She said accusingly, "You really heated that waggon up."

The tall individual blinked and backed away a pace as he took in the nicely filled sweater and slacks. "Maybe it's ignition trouble," he said hopefully.

Holly took the screwdriver from his hands.

She glanced at it contemptuously, then tossed it aside. She hurried to the sedan and returned with her own tool kit.

Her father alighted and sought the shade of a tree alongside the road. His wife joined him. They had gone through this before. Holly's latest fad was mechanics. She had taken a course the previous winter.

"What she needs is a husband and a baby," Mary Spring sighed as she got out her knitting.

"Six babies," her father said grimly. "Forty diapers a day to change. Six little bottoms to —"

"Keep calm, dear," his wife remonstrated.

Holly was bent over the boiling engine. The displaced car owner wandered about, gazing helplessly at the white slacks which were all that was now visible of Holly.

"Hit the starter once," Holly's voice commanded.

He folded his length into the driver's seat and obeyed. The car coughed dismally and subsided.

"Hal" Holly said triumphantly. She emerged from beneath the hood. She wore a smudge of grease on the tip of her nose and another across the front of her sweater.

"It's a vapor lock . . . just as I suspected," she stated.

"I guess they can fix that at Jackson," the owner said, a hopeful tone in his voice.

YELLOWSTONE

A SHORT STORY

By CLIFF FARRELL



June Fordyce rushed to meet him. "Rufus!" she gushed. "I knew I would find you here in Yellowstone."

"You don't know much about engines, do you?" Holly said pityingly. "A lock is simple."

She brought the water jug from the sedan, soaked a cloth, and began working. Presently she said, "Now try it."

After a moment of whining inaction the engine caught haltingly, then settled into steady life.

"That's better," Holly decided. "But what you really need is a ring job. You've got a bad carbon knock. That mixer is fouled. How long since you've had this plant down?"

"Plant? Down?" The tall one was nonplussed.

"How long since you've had this engine overhauled?" Holly explained patiently.

He ran his fingers through his fair hair. "Let's see," he mumbled. "I bought new tyres last spring. I can't recall having any work done on the motor recently."

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" Holly exclaimed.

"I wouldn't know," he said. "My name is Welby."

"Welby?" Holly's voice was rising. "Rufus Welby?"

"You have the advantage of me. Miss, Miss —"

"You played full-back for us in the big [To page 42]



Where were you last night? Bright lights, smoky atmosphere, lack of sleep play havoc with the eyes. Remove that puffy, bloodshot look with famous Dr. Newell's Eye Drops. Just two drops in the corner of each eye, and that strained feeling is soothed away.

3/11 Per Bottle from Chemists Only

This Product is endorsed by the Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia



PETAL Soft..

WITH
**DOUBLE-PLY
STRENGTH**

... that's why CARNATION toilet tissue is best for babies, children, mothers, those with delicate skin ... best for EVERYONE.

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

Completely wrapped for
your protection ...



CARNATION Toilet Tissue

Proprietors: Muir & Neil Pty. Ltd., Sydney and Melbourne.
BRISBANE DEPOT: 329 ADELAIDE STREET

Honeymoon in Yellowstone



From page 41

game when I was at college," Holly chattered. "You outran the whole field to receive a pass that would have won us the game!"

"I'm that Welby," he admitted miserably.

Holly said tragically, "You said afterwards that you had let your mind wander into a problem in geophysics instead of concentrating on the game. You cost us the game."

"I didn't want to play football," Rufus Welby explained. "But they prevailed on me because I was six feet two."

"I'll follow you as far as Jackson in case you have more engine trouble, Rufe," Holly decided.

The lush beauty of Jackson Hole opened before them shortly thereafter. Holly followed Rufus Welby's car into a service station.

Rufus alighted and came to speak to her, "Thanks again, Miss Summer," he said.

"Spring is the name," Holly stated, "Which way do you go from here?"

"Yellowstone," Rufus said lifelessly. "At least I think so."

"You think so? Don't you know?"

"I'm gathering material for a book on geysers. A semi-scientific analysis, along with an attempt to reveal their true majesty and mystery to the layman. Few people stay long enough in the park to know the geysers. That is a pity and a shame. My book aims to correct this. It is what you might call a labor of love."

Momentarily a flicker of zeal had come into his eyes. Now it faded, and was replaced by an expression of pain. He thanked Holly and her parents again. Then he paid for his petrol and drove off.

Holly took the wheel of the sedan, and held the pace down to a crawling 30. That kept them in sight of Rufus Welby's car ahead.

"He seems awfully sad," Holly told her parents. "Something has happened to hurt him."

It was past sunset and the Springs were two hours behind Holly's itinerary when they came into view of the steaming geyser basin where Old Faithful held sway. A lodge and cabins flanked the highway, and the place was jumping with tourists.

Holly and Rufus found space in the parking area. They alighted and she watched the eager way Rufus gazed towards the geyser.

Then Rufus took Holly's arm and escorted her and her parents into the log-beamed lobby of the lodge.

The clerk came hurrying. "Why, Mr. Welby!" he exclaimed. "We hardly expected ... that is, we ... I mean ..."

"It's all right, Fred," Rufus said. "I won't need the bridal suite now, of course."

Holly came to rigid attention.

The clerk stared at Holly, and his eyes furtively directed her attention to a stack of newspapers that lay for sale nearby. The edition was three days old.

Holly read a prominent headline which said: Socialite Jilts Scientist at Altar. Beneath was a four-column picture of Rufus wearing cutaway, striped pants, and a stunned expression, standing at what was obviously a marriage altar with a minister in vestments, waiting. Below that was another picture. This was of a sophisticated and attractive blonde.

Holly snatched up the paper. The blonde's name was Miss June Fordyce. Holly's eyes raced over the accompanying article. There were phrases: "bewildered bridegroom ... bolt from the blue ... 400 guests ... top crust of the social pie ..."

Then she took her father's arm and stiffly followed the bellboy to their rooms. After she was alone she tore the newspaper to shreds, and stamped on the fragments with vehemence.

"He's a spineless jellyfish," she gritted.

A little while later she slipped out of her room and made her way to the parking area. She was gone nearly an hour. When she returned she wore a new oil smudge on her nose and an air of excited guilt.

At breakfast the next morning she was artificially gay.

"We may stay [To page 53]

Jeanette Elphick says: "I never wash my hair with soap."

"I shampoo
my hair with
Vaseline
LIQUID SHAMPOO
— makes your hair
feel lovely
and fresh"



Jeanette Elphick, beautiful Australian model and film star, now in Hollywood, says — "I use 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo every week-end — it's so wonderfully foamy and cleansing. I recommend it to every girl as a sure way to keep your hair looking its shining best."

To keep hair young and Shining Clean
don't "soap-dull" it — shampoo each week with

Vaseline LIQUID SHAMPOO
BRAND

Washing hair with soap leaves it dull, lifeless . . . that's why you *need* a shampoo. Super-soft "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo is made for just one purpose . . . *to gently clean and beautify hair*. You find "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo rinses out quickly and completely, leaving it fresher than you've ever known, soft . . . shining . . . clean. This weekend do as Jeanette Elphick and other models do— follow the golden rule of hair care . . . shampoo with "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo. You'll love the result.



Every girl should
follow this golden rule



Glamorous Bambi Shmith and other famous models, such as Elly Lukas, Margaret Hibble, all use "Vaseline" Brand Liquid Shampoo to keep hair young and shining clean. Give your hair the same simple beauty treatment this week-end.

In three sizes: Large 4/6;
small 2/11; Snip pak 1/-.
NOW AT ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd.



GLYNIS JOHNS J. ARTHUR RANK STAR
USES THE **HUGHES**

DOLPHIN BATH BRUSH

IN THE TECHNICOLOR COMEDY
"MAD ABOUT MEN"

DOLPHIN
BATH BRUSH 25/-

**IN 6 BEWITCHING
PEARLESCENT SHADES**

Gift Packed

DOLPHIN
NAIL BRUSH 9/11

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS
FAMILY CIRCLE



It's a big, wide, wonderful — but somewhat

frightening — world to Miss Teenage

trying to cope with all her social

problems. This series of articles by

an expert shows her . . .

What to do when

BY CLIFTON HILL

AND Jennie . . . Jennie would appreciate it very much if she knew what to say to a boy with whom she is dancing when he says something like "I can't dance."

This situation has come up time and time again, when really the boy might not be doing too badly, and she is at a loss to know what to say.

Boys are much shyer than girls when launched upon society, and I feel that girls are the experts, comparatively speaking, on the Art of Dancing. So boys look to you to help them regain their shattered self-confidence when one of them miserably declares, "I can't dance."

Don't, whatever you do, reply with a trite, "Why, I think you're doing very well," because, even though it's well meant, the remark seems to have been made only for politeness' sake. A spontaneous-sounding "Who says?" or a "You do, too!" accompanied by a smile, is much more likely to chase his fears away. Then quickly change the subject and it probably won't ever come up again with you, even in his mind. Your good turn for the night has been well done.

★ ★ ★

SUSAN has a goodbye problem. One evening a friend of hers called, bringing a boy-friend with him. She had never met the friend, and as they were about to leave she told him that she was very glad she had met him.

What Susan wants to know is whether she was justified in saying this. Thinking it over, she thinks it seems somewhat silly to say this to a boy she hardly knows.

The trouble with cliches like "I'm glad to have met you" is that they appear to mean almost nothing because they have been so overworked. But if you're sincere about it, and sound sincere, it might come through, and certainly the boy would rather hear it than just goodbye.

A corny "See you round" is ineffective—too informal and inexpressive. If you were glad to meet him you'd probably look forward to seeing him again, and perhaps the mention of hoping to see him at a game, play, or dance that is coming up—or, if you're in a social mood, a party at your own house—would show him that you really mean what you say.

TAKE June . . . During her holidays she met a very nice boy from another State. He has her address and she has his, but as he left her town suddenly because of illness at home she doesn't know whether he wants to correspond with her or not.

Should she write first or just forget the whole thing?

The answer in this instance is a very definite "write first." I realise that this attitude is probably flying in the face of convention, and also of that mortal fear that girls seem to have of "chasing men"—or at least of appearing to chase men. But, if you only knew it, this kind of attention from the opposite sex is very gratifying to the male ego. And, far more important, it tells a boy where he stands.

Don't think that a boy is completely disinterested if he doesn't write, as there are many other reasons besides disinterest. If the boy is a teenager, and I presume he is, he is undoubtedly a great procrastinator who may put things off indefinitely.

And the art of losing things—even the address of a girl boys like—is another thing at which boys excel. Sometimes boys can't stir up enough initiative to get it again through a third person.

But in this case the reason for the lack of mail may well be the illness at home. In any event, your would-be correspondent needs a bit of encouraging. Write him a letter, kindly inquiring into the state of affairs on the home front and with a few small hints to the effect that he was missed—something everyone likes to hear. Or, if shyness gets the better of you, drop him a few words along these lines in the form of a post-card.

Since you exchanged addresses it will certainly not seem strange to him to hear from you first. In my opinion you have nothing to lose, and the odds are better than ten to one that he'll reply, provided you employ the extra safeguard of putting your own address on the letter—and writing it out plainly, too.

A power for Health!

Daily 'AKTA-VITE'
generates zestful health
through greater intake of the
essential vitamins A, B₁, C and D

Only in 'AKTA-VITE' can stated and guaranteed quantities of the important Vitamins A, B₁, C and D, that your body needs, be obtained in the form of chocolate — malt flavoured granules. 'AKTA-VITE' is delicious as a drink in either warm or chilled milk, or sprinkled on ice cream, fruit, or other desserts. Every member of the family can benefit from daily 'AKTA-VITE'.



For the energy burner



for strenuous play



for the striving student



for the growing child

and for the tired housewife

AKTA-VITE'

ASK YOUR CHEMIST MORE ABOUT IT

Obtainable only from your chemist 5 oz. jar 5/6, 10 oz. jar 8/9 and the economical family tin 40 oz. 25/- — the family size works out at less than 3d. a day.

Manufactured by Nicholas Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia

November, 1955



If your husband tackles his job fortified by a gulp of coffee, he's courting nervous exhaustion. You can beat that risk—with a breakfast that's different.

BY HARRY BOTSFORD



The Russ Tysons know what's good for them—a nourishing breakfast to start the day.

The Most Important Meal of the Day

THE curious legend that men do not really care for a substantial breakfast started with lazy wives, or women on a diet.

It has been compounded by a generation of compliant men who don't like to argue, and who know that during the morning they'll have tea and biscuits at the office, or a snack from the canteen or the little shop next door.

The verity of this legend is shattered when these spouses are away from home. They have the works: fruit or tomato juice, cereal and cream, ham and eggs, chops, sausages, omelets, and two cups of tea. They eat leisurely and with vast enjoyment.

Somewhere between the average frugal breakfast and a sudden welter of heavy victuals lies a simple and bountiful breakfast that is a matter of domestic routine. And there, ladies and gentlemen, is matrimonial bliss in three dimensions. The memory of delightfully lush dinners and congenial luncheons is almost evanescent compared with the remembrance of a thoroughly good breakfast.

The man who comes down to breakfast in the serene knowledge that it won't be the identical provender he had yesterday and the day before gives the morn-

ing paper only a casual glance. He is busy scanning the morning meal, auditing its goodness and variety, heaping deserved praise on the lady who planned or prepared it. A happy man! His wife is at once cunning, competent, and charming.

Such a family are the Russ Tysons, of Brisbane.

Russ Tyson, known all over Australia



as announcer for the A.B.C., dashes off gaily to work between 6 and 7 a.m. fortified by a good solid meal that his wife cooks and he thoroughly enjoys.

Says Mrs. Tyson: "Russ is a breakfast-

getter's dream — he eats anything, so there's never any fuss about the morning's cuisine. However, there's a marked tendency in one direction, known familiarly by both of us as 'The Concoction.' This is a mixture of bacon, tomato, capicum, cayenne and salt, all of which is thrown into a saucepan. I let it simmer gently, thicken it, and serve on toast."

There are dozens of ways of starting breakfast. Above all, there should be day by day variety.

Canned tomato juice has virtue only when it is icy cold and has been shrewdly bolstered. The good cook starts with a quart of tomato juice, adds celery, salt, minced fresh marjoram, onion juice, and a half teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. The container is well shaken, and the ambrosia is refrigerated overnight.

Melon, in season, is always a nice choice to start the morning meal, preferably sugared or treated to a spoonful of sherry the night before. Prepare *grapefruit* the night before, too. Dust with sugar and add a tablespoon of dry sherry, then refrigerate. It will not only be enjoyed, it will inspire compliments.

Only a few people serve old-fashioned *oatmeal* these summer [To page 48



HAPPY AND HEALTHY

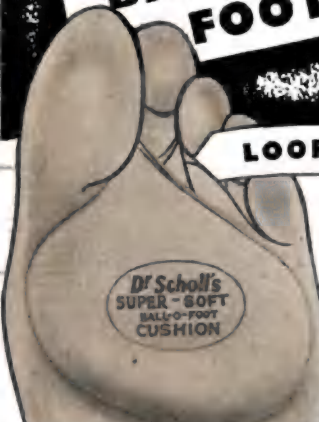
Roboleine provides energy—nourishment in its most delicious form. Contains Malt Extract, Bone Marrow, Lemon, Egg Yolk, Vitamins A and D. Children love to take it!

For adults, too—in convalescence or "run-down"—Roboleine is the ideal reconstructive.

Roboleine

In 12 ounce and 36 ounce glass jars at all Chemists

RELIEF FROM PAIN IN
BALL OF FOOT



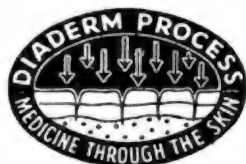
DR Scholl's
SUPER-SOFT
BALL-O-FOOT
CUSHION

LOOPS OVER TOE

Dr. Scholl's
Super-Soft
BALL-O-FOOT
CUSHION

Never before anything like it! Amazing new way to end burning pain at ball of foot, callouses, tenderness, "high heel" discomfort. Made of Latex Foam. Loops over toe — needs no adhesive. Washable. Hygienic. Only 5/9 pr. for Men and Women. at all Chemists.

Stop Rheumatic Pains with this NEW and exclusive treatment



D.P. CREAM

does not merely deaden pain, deluding the sufferer into a false sense of improvement. D.P. Cream is absorbed into the tissues and begins its work immediately.

DEEP PENETRATION CREAM

is the only deep penetrating treatment for Rheumatic Conditions made by the Diaderm Process in Australia. It brings sudden dramatic relief.

World Patented



30-Day Course
for one pain
area

22/6
per tube

Available from
Chemists only.

DEEP PENETRATION CREAM



An ideal breakfast to build you up for the day—scrambled eggs, tomatoes, and bacon on toast topping icy cold tomato juice.

mornings, yet it is a breakfast food that has been enjoyed by generations of stalwart males and lively, lovely women. It is best when served piping hot with a dollop of butter on it, covered with thick cream, and generously dusted with brown sugar.

An aunt, Scotch to the core, claimed the reason the Scots attain remarkable old age and strength of character is that they invariably eat a large and wholesome breakfast. Her breakfasts, which I remember nostalgically, often began with hot oatmeal, cooked all night with its normal complement of butter, cream, and sugar. It was followed by *grilled kippers*, a plate of hot and tremendously fine *oatcakes* straight from the oven, a jar of bitter-orange marmalade, and piping-hot black tea.

Her grilled kippers? Split the kippers without breaking the back skin. Gently place them skinside down in a well-buttered grill-pan, brush with melted butter and lemon juice, add pepper, and then run the pan under a moderate flame for ten minutes. Serve with the speed of light.

For a very special, extravagant breakfast there is nothing better than the best of all breakfast foods, a small *steak* judiciously grilled, served on a hot plate lavishly buttered. A melon should start the meal, hot scones, toast, or crumpets, a tart jelly for embellishment, that's all. No potatoes.

A breakfast begun with *preserved figs*, replete with in-built calories, is a delightful whimsy. Follow it by toast, a heaped platter of fluffy scrambled eggs flanked by

bacon, cut thick; quince honey, raspberry jam, and strong coffee. A gratifying breakfast.

And chops—a pair of *lamb chops*, grilled, and topped by mushrooms or sweetcorn, or onion rings, followed by smoking-hot toast or crumpets and tart jelly.

Deville lamb kidneys, tender, marked by a piquant flavor, *grilled sweetbreads* (you hadn't thought of that, had you?), and, if you are hard put to it for fresh food, tinned sweetcorn with scrambled egg atop the hot buttered toast, and a perfect prune as decor—and flavor—topping off the lot.

My favorite breakfast recipe is devilled kidneys prepared like this: First take 6 sheep's kidneys, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon chutney, half teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, cayenne, lemon juice, hot buttered toast. Skin kidneys, remove core, cut almost in halves from convex side. Skewer in position, flat, with two skewers. Mix all ingredients together and spread a little mixture on each kidney.

Heat grill and grill gently till tender about 10 minutes, turning every 2 or 3 minutes. After turning each time spread on a little more of the mixture. Serve on a hot dish on rounds of buttered toast. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve at once—lick your lips and ask for more.

★
Recipes in this article have been tested by Miss Norma Findley, Head of the Food Department of the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy.



Lew



Cheeky Boy



Zee-Zee

WHICH OF US DO YOU LIKE THE BEST?

Each of the six of us was chosen by our owners as their favourite.

No matter how different we look or where our family circles are, we all agree that a car drive to the country or the beach is a perfect outing.

You've no idea how many fascinating things dogs find to see and smell there.

But all of us know that cars are

made to sit in and not to be chased. Some of our relations found there was no future in that sort of game.

Our Best Treat

Because we love motoring, we're glad that someone discovered oil.

From SHELL wells, refineries and laboratories come lots of things such as petrols and oils that keep our cars in good condition.

Shell provides other things that

keep us fit, too. Many shampoos, drugs, ointments and disinfectants, have bases derived from petroleum.

When something is very well known, people say that even the dogs bark it.

We'd like everyone to know that our barks often mean "Thank you Shell!"

By the way, have you decided which of us you like the best? . . .



François



Cholmondeley



Toby





for physical
or mental
effort



'GLUCOLOID'
GLUCOSE TABLETS

are available from your
family chemist...



A BURROUGHS WELLCOME
& CO. FINE PRODUCT



Do
Stars
Guide
You?

From page 29

lead. The toughest career women, they say, always want to know their chances of getting and holding a man.

They put it in different ways. They want to know when, if ever, they're going to meet their future husband, whether they're going to marry a man they already know. If married, they want to know whether their husband is faithful, whether they should get a divorce, and, if so, when.

Astrologers tackle just about any question an anxious individual can put to the future: "Will my wife object if my mother comes to live with us?" Just enclose birth dates



CANCER

and places of the two ladies. "Is this the best offer I'll get for my house?" It all depends where Jupiter is at the moment. Some people would rather ask the stars than flip a coin.

Mundane astrology is the branch that charts the course of history. Business astrology is a profitable field, especially where risks are great and stakes high. Theatrical producers are unabashedly addicted. The very word "star" for a leading actress reflects a pervasive belief that luck has a lot to do with stage success.

Many a big investor calls his astrologer before calling his stockbroker. Some personnel directors even call for horoscopes of prospective employees to see how they'll fit



SAGITTARIUS

with the horoscopes of the rest of the staff.

Several astrologers claim they serve psychiatrists who seek guidance for themselves as well as their patients. They have a precedent. The famous Viennese psychiatrist Carl Jung studied the horoscopes of his patients for clues to their conflicts.

Many dignitaries won't ad-

mit that they put any stock in astrology. Typical is the behaviour of an affluent, middle-aged man who slunk into an astrologer's office, his collar turned up and his hat pulled down.

"My name isn't John Smith," he growled, "but I was born on January 3, 1902, in Sydney. I'm in the biggest fight of my life. Millions of pounds are involved. You probably know as much about what's going to happen as all my lawyers put together."

The astrologer started to



AQUARIUS

figure. "I can't understand it," he said finally. "Your financial outlook is particularly clear—unless, of course, you're engaged in something fluid—paints, plastics, maybe."

"And if I am?" demanded Smith.

"If you are it will take about a year for Neptune to get out of the way. Can your lawyers stall the case long enough?"

Mr. Smith paid his fee and called it the best fun he'd ever had for the money. A year later he was back to check up on Neptune — "Not that it makes any real difference, mind you."

Belief in astrology dies hard simply because it's been around for so many thousands of years. Many readers of popular astrology magazines and columns take planetary influence for granted the way they avoid walking under ladders. They might be called the traditionalists. More thoughtful folk adopt a mystical attitude.

"There must be a plan to life. The stars are as good a plan as any. I don't know



LIBRA

much about it. Maybe there's something in it."

Another group are the astrology hobbyists. "Of course, I don't believe it," they say disarmingly. "I cast the horoscopes of my friends for fun." Actually they are probably less influenced than the indignant scientists who condemn astrology as a dangerous superstition. Astrology teems with scoffers who remain to pray. One reporter gave up his exposure series on astrology and became an astrologer.



Famous pianist Jose Iturbi is a Sagittarian. This is supposed to make him highly strung, fiery-tempered — but he looked happy when this picture was taken during his Australian tour.

Astrologers are proud of the clients they take from psychiatry. One girl, for instance, left her psychiatrist "because all he does is ask me questions. He never tells me anything."

Responsible astrologers have their own code of psychological decency. They avoid predicting death and try to predict negative aspects of warnings rather than predictions, so that their clients can be geared for bad luck. The more sensitive ones do a great deal of non-astrological social work.



CAPRICORN

"Dare I go north for my sinus trouble?" a dowdy little woman once asked. "Is it safe to leave my husband alone? He's rather fickle." The astrologer predicted that her husband would not leave her outright. He saw it in the stars, and, besides, most wandering husbands don't. Then he kindly pointed out that the lady's aspects were good for shopping. Relieved, she happily bought a new hat. That did help.

Astrologers claim that they have averted suicides and even murders. It's a great inducement to live when you can be sure things will come out all right.



PISCES



This modern, functional kitchen, described below, was specially designed for Family Circle readers.

HOME is where the KITCHEN is

The new kitchen shown on this page was designed to solve problems of families with children. You will find exciting ideas to help you in designing or remodelling your own kitchen.

WITH a large family, a kitchen meal, if it can be arranged in pleasant surroundings, is a wonderful timesaver.

That is why we planned the kitchen illustrated here.

What mother of young children hasn't at some time wished for a kitchen like this? It has a comfortable seating area and everything at arm's length to enable her to do her work and keep an eye on the infants at the same time.

All this has been planned for an area 10ft. wide by 20ft. long. It takes in a folding play-pen where baby plays happily and safely.

The lunch counter folds out of the way when not in use, but can be unfolded to lift up to table height for pleasant family meals. Everyone can sit comfortably, making toast, coffee, and other dishes right at the table.

Appliances are kept handy in a slide-out drawer within arm's reach among the cupboards.

A special feature is the ceiling fixture with a travelling lamp that moves up, down, and sideways on its track.

And note the built-in barbecue on the right—a wonderful idea at any time, and especially for Dad, who might feel like doing a bit of cooking for the family at weekends. What's more, it means that you can have that barbecue right inside even if it is raining cats and dogs outside.

A ventilating fan, built into the wall directly over the gas range, whisks away unwanted odors before they have a chance to permeate the house.

Cabinets and appliances are in gleaming white, set against walls covered with washable paper resembling white bricks, or colored if you prefer them.

Layout and equipment have been de-

signed specially for convenience, comfort, and attractiveness in design. It is easy to keep this kitchen clean, and it is practically impervious to the antics of young children.

Each major piece of equipment is well organised into work centres with convenient and immediately adjacent counters, and ample storage for the tools and accessories used at that particular work centre, so that work flows smoothly and logically from one centre to the next.

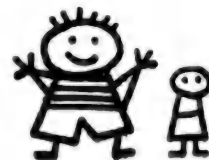
If the picture looks crowded to you, remember that the table folds down when not in use, leaving plenty of room, while Mother has the minimum of movement round her kitchen.

And note the auto-tray—under a table top so that it is out of the way when not in use, but still convenient for holding odds and ends.



BABY TALK with the Boss

BY SYMS



"Your sales are down again this month, Carruthers."



"... but what'll your wife say, boss?"



"So in your opinion, Jones, you deserve a rise?"

Mother! you can trust LAXETTES

For forty years, mothers have relied on Laxettes, the chocolate laxative, for constipation and tummy upsets. Children love Laxettes. Each chocolate square contains an exact dose of tasteless phenolphthalein, the wonderful laxative that gives smooth relief in 6 to 8 hours. Good for grown-ups, too!

Give the laxative
they like

2/6



Get LAXETTES for the family
medicine cupboard - today!

Sorry
You've
Been
Troubled



From page 39

operator's voice. This time she was dialling a non-existent number.

Well, so much for the three. Next she tried dialling the slot to the left of the seven, then the slot to its right.

David came to stand outside the box, glaring alternately at her and at his watch. She had never seen him so angry. He shook his head as if she were being outrageous.

If occurred to her that if Bob were out there he'd be grinning.

This kind of attempt would have fascinated and amused him, and he'd be cheering her efforts. The theatre? That could wait. Why worry about make-believe drama when you were in the midst of the real thing?

Yes, Bob would have been as eager as she was.

David began to pace back and forth, biting his lip, and at that moment a voice on the telephone said, "Hello?"

Jane almost jumped. She thought she recognised that voice. She asked: "Is this the number I rang a few minutes ago? When I asked for David?"

The woman seemed startled. "Yes, it is. If you're the lady waiting at the Colman. This is David Carleton's flat—"

"Mrs. Carleton, there's been an absurd mistake. I simply have to explain."

As she told what happened she could see David still walking, and she knew he was cursing as he glared at his watch.

When she finished, the woman said in a friendly and warm-hearted voice: "It's kind of you to ring me back. But I wasn't worried about my husband having a date. My husband is in the Navy. He's been at sea for the past two months."

Jane's lips parted in surprise, but no words came. She stared out at David through the glass of the kiosk. He looked so infuriated now that for a few moments she forgot the woman at the telephone.

For suddenly, as she watched him, she saw clearly something she had until now only sensed.

His readiness to flare up, his lack of sympathy and understanding, emphasised the very great difference between them.

And it was a basic difference. They had different reactions to life. Oughtn't peace of mind, the allaying of conscience, be more important than missing the opening moments of a show?

As she looked at his angry face, his eyes dark and condemning, this incident in the

telephone box became a revealing experience. She knew now without a doubt.

She and David were not the same kind of people. She could never marry him. To be happy, to be at ease, you had to have a man with whom you could share your impulses, your emotions—even if it meant waiting a year for the right man. She had a sudden conviction of rightness and security.

The problem of David was settled.

The voice on the telephone, she realised, was speaking again. She missed the first words, but she caught: "... your taking the trouble somehow makes me feel how nice people are. It happened I was feeling a bit depressed. You have no idea what your call has done for me."

"Mrs. Carleton," Jane said, her voice firm, "you have no idea what it has done for me!"

Despite the efforts of local Councils, mosquitoes will be troublesome again this summer. Did you know that during the last war Dimethyl Phthalate was proved the most effective insect repellent in the Islands and that ALLENBURYS MOSQUITO STICKS contain this safe, sure repellent? Guard against discomfort and sleepless nights during the coming summer simply by rubbing on ALLENBURYS MOSQUITO STICK. You'll like the pleasant perfume, the convenient lipstick-like pack, and, above all, the fact that it really does repel all insect pests effectively. 3/3 stick at all Chemists.

Do you hate yourself in the morning?

Is a good time really worth it? How's your recovery-rate next day? Jumpy? Irritable? Depressed? Tortured by gastro-intestinal disturbances that leave you feeling old and tired and a "has been"? Maybe you aren't as young as you were. Maybe you feel you should slow down. But it could be just a vitamin deficiency. And that's a condition you can do something about. One Clements Tonic Vitamin Tablet taken 3 times a day will supply your average daily requirements of iron and Vitamins B1, B2 and C and Niacinamide. The maintenance of normal health demands this regular intake. Clements Tonic Vitamin Tablets provide it. They are strongly recommended for iron deficiency anaemias, fatigue, gastro-intestinal disturbances, irritability and depression.

Clements Tonic Vitamin Tablets help take the strain and stress out of modern living. No matter what the pace the regular use of Clements Tonic Vitamin Tablets promotes the flow of turgid gastric juices, sharpens the appetite and invigorates the bloodstream. No fiddling with bottles and glasses. Clements Tonic Vitamin Tablets are available for your good health in convenient, hygienic "Sealtite" strips.

Clements Tonic VITAMIN TABLETS

manufactured by the makers
of famous Clements Tonic



Honeymoon in Yellowstone



From page 42

over a few days, if you don't mind, Daddy," she said.

Presently Rufus appeared, looking confused. He sighted them and came to their table. He gazed at Holly, collided with a chair, and jostled a waitress. Holly wore a peasant blouse and a dirndl skirt that did something for her hair and eyes, and did even more for her slim figure.

"Good morning," Rufus said uncertainly. "I had expected to say goodbye and thank you again for assisting me, but it seems I will be forced to stay over another day or two after all. Some rascal stole a gadget off my car. Perhaps it was the . . . the . . ."

"Distributor?" Holly suggested.

"Exactly. It seems to be a vital piece of equipment. They had none in stock at the repair shop and have to send for a new one. It will take time."

Holly felt content. She drove her parents away on a sightseeing trip, leaving Rufus working on some task at a hot spring.

It was late afternoon when they returned to Old Faithful. As Holly and her parents entered the lodge, a bus from the railway terminus at West Yellowstone was discharging passengers at the entrance.

Holly pulled up, staring at a young woman who was directing a bellboy loaded with luggage. The arrival was an expensively garbed person, with the well-groomed, every-hair-in-place perfection of one always in complete self-possession.

She was Miss June Fordyce. Holly recognised her from the picture in the newspaper. And she was asking the clerk in a cultured voice, "Is Mr. Rufus Welby stopping here?"

Holly could see the purpose in June Fordyce's manner. The scalp hunter had arrived to reclaim her trophy.

Holly turned to flee—and collided with Rufus. He caught her, steadying her. He said, "My fault. I was—"

Then he saw June Fordyce.

His smile broadened. He released Holly. "June!" he cried, leaping past Holly and leaving her standing there.

June Fordyce rushed gracefully to meet him, flinging her arms about him. "Rufus!" she gushed. "I knew I would find you here in your Yellowstone. We've been such foolish children. After I thought it over I realised how wrong it was for you and me to break up. So I came by train to . . ."

Holly lay in bed a long time after dinner. Darkness came. She finally became aware that the moon was peering through the curtains at her.

She arose. From her window the geyser terrace lay deserted. She pulled on a sweater and donned her windbreaker. It should be nearly time for Old Faithful's next display and she suddenly felt the need for its mighty voice and nearness. For she felt that Old Faithful would understand her loneliness.

The hills were all silver and black as she left the quiet lobby and walked out on the geyser basin. Old Faithful was silent, brooding, and all the night seemed waiting for it to speak. Holly knew now that Rufus had told the truth when he said the geysers bewitched a person.

Suddenly she saw Rufus walking towards her. With him, and clinging to his arm, was June Fordyce in a fur wrap. Holly turned, hoping to escape, but she was too late.

"Oh, Miss Sum—I mean Spring," Rufus called. "I want you to meet Miss Fordyce. June, this is the young lady I mentioned. She repairs automobiles."

"Charmed, I'm sure," June Fordyce said distantly. "Br—" Rufus, your silly old Yellowstone is dreadfully chilly. I'm actually shaking. Couldn't we just as well watch this from the lodge?"

The geyser was awakening. Holly watched in sad fascination. This would be the last time.

"I'm cold," June Fordyce said sharply. "It seems to me . . ."

"Hush!" Rufus said absently.

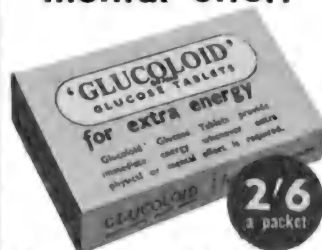
The geyser broke into full voice. Its plume rose higher, higher into the moonlight. Holly again felt tremors of awe race along her spine.

June Fordyce released Rufus' arm. "I don't intend to freeze!" she [To page 60

IMMEDIATE
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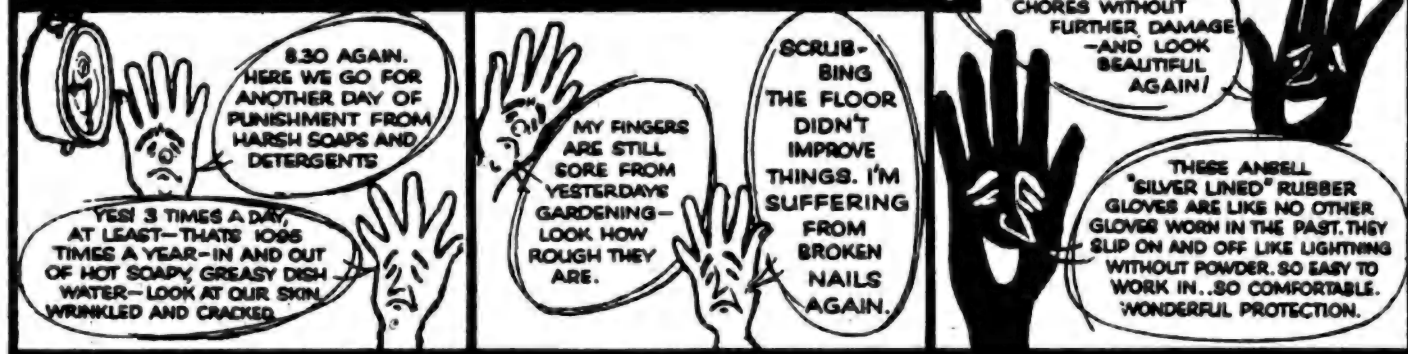
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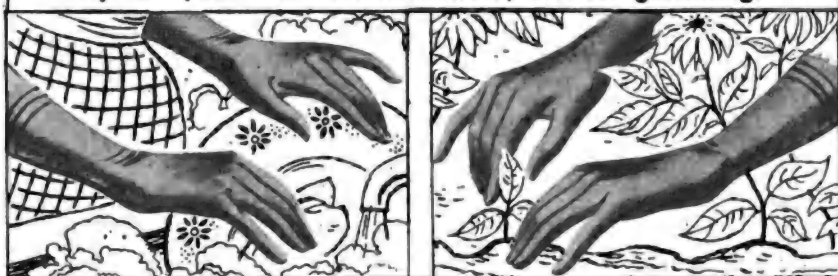
Ansell "Silver Lined" rubber gloves stand up to housework punishment —

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What Makes a Woman Attractive?

The true secret of a woman's charm is simple — How she feels about herself.

JUST what is it that a woman wants to convey about herself?

When I was in my teens, the woman who fascinated me most was Eleanor of Aquitaine, the wife of King Henry II.

What captured my young imagination was that Eleanor swept into court only after the floor had been strewn with sweet-smelling herbs to give her a sense of loveliness as the fragrance rose about her. That fragrance became an extension of her personality. No knight or court lady could thereafter think of Eleanor without thinking of that fragrance.

Maybe it's not so easy for modern women to achieve what Eleanor of Aquitaine achieved. Our lives are too busy. We are too harassed, we haven't time—and that's when we most appreciate being reminded that we're feminine.

I believe that when a man uses the word "pretty" he doesn't mean you have fashion-model features or beautiful clothes. Rather, he means that to him you are a lovely person. You are surrounded

by an aura of something indefinably attractive.

To me, perfume is the thing that keeps him aware of that indefinable something, that ultimate seal of femininity. Any woman is more attractive when she accents her own individuality with perfume.

Don't forget that your home is you, too. It's your frame, your background, what people also think of when they think of you.

You give your home a fragrance expressive of your personality for the same reason that you hang pictures on the wall or play fine music. Your home should mean something special — something special about you—to whoever lives or visits there.

Put a few drops of the scent you like most—which most expresses you—on cold light-bulbs. When the scent is dry, flick the switch, and the heat of the lighted bulbs will fill your room with fragrance.

Remember, fragrance has been used as a magnet of femininity since the days of Cleopatra.

—Maggie McNellis.



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Bring out the full beauty of your hair . . . it's so easy with Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo. Colinated cleanses delightfully, rinses out easily and leaves the hair brilliant, silken-soft and shining . . . carrying off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt and dandruff.

Avoid shampoos containing harsh detergents, which dry the scalp and make the hair brittle. Colinated Foam Shampoo contains no detergents whatever. It is entirely natural and promotes the health, life and lustre of your hair. Price: 3/6 a bottle.



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1. Run a wet comb through the hair



2. Brush a few drops of Velmol through your hair.



3. Arrange waves and curls with finger and comb—just as you like it.



D I S T R I B U T E D B Y R I L E Y - W I L L I A M S P T Y . L T D .



FILM OF THE MONTH

The amazing prophetic novel, '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea,' written by Jules Verne 85 years ago, has now been made into an ideal family film by the modern master of fantasy, Walt Disney. He has captured with superb craftsmanship the mystery and menace, the eerie beauty and danger, of the ocean depths. This Cinemascope Technicolor production will be released next month by R.K.O.

A DISNEY FILM FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



Conseil (Peter Lorre), Ned Land (Kirk Douglas) and Prof. Arronax (Paul Lukas) discuss their vain efforts to locate a mysterious sea monster in the Pacific.

The sea monster turns out to be a submarine, Nautilus, captained by Nemo (James Mason), on which the Professor and his friends are forced to travel undersea through a series of amazing adventures.



November, 1955

FAMILY CIRCLE



Dining with Captain Nemo in the main salon of his submarine, Ned Land complains to his friends of the strange sea foods, despite Nemo's frowns.

Captain Nemo steers his submarine towards the prison island of Rorapandi, from which he had escaped and where he was determined to have his revenge on the brutal guards.



57



From page 11

"I'm just trying not to think about it."

For a moment the man beside her hadn't said anything. Then he laughed suddenly and said genuinely, "I suppose that's what we all do in a way. It's not a bad system, either."

"So you don't let yourself think that it might just as well have been you who got killed the other day?"

"Something like that." He had seemed to think the point over as though it had never occurred to him before. Then, changing the subject abruptly, "Come and have dinner at 'The Orchard' with me tonight."

She had said, in sudden confusion, "Well, I don't really know you—"

"You really do live in a world of your own in that laboratory." Shaun's voice had been gentle. "I'll pick you up at seven."

It seemed funny to think that all that had happened only a month ago, Catherine thought.

"Little Miss Rolf is wasted

as a boffin," Shaun had told her when he had taken her out that night. Catherine had said, "I wish you wouldn't keep calling me that. I'm just a simple laboratory assistant." She added, "What made you become a test pilot?"

Shaun had said, "Personal inclination. Curiosity, perhaps. There's always something fascinating about seeing if an aircraft will do the job for which it's designed."

"And if it doesn't?"

He'd shrugged his big shoulders, smiling, "There's always a next time."

"If you're lucky."

"Now you're being a melodramatic boffin." And then he'd kissed her.

She had known, with a queer, rising feeling of tension, that he was going to make love to her. But that had not prepared her for the feel of his mouth on hers—the pressure of his arm around her shoulders. She had kissed him back, fiercely, passionately. After a long time, Shaun said, "Can you get a couple of days' leave?"

Her eyes closed, head pillowed against his coat, Catherine had said, "Yes, I expect so."

"I'm flying this weekend, but it means I can take Monday and Tuesday off."

"You mean . . ."

"Darling, I love you. If we met in London somewhere we could have two whole days together . . ."

She had lain quite still for a long time before she'd finally opened her eyes and shaken her head. "No, darling, not that way."

Now, standing facing Dan across the laboratory with his question still in her ears, it struck Catherine suddenly that after this last month nothing could be quite the same again. She said slowly, "Dan, I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what? Falling in love?" He turned away abruptly. "I suppose it had to happen sometime. I hope it—works out all right. I shouldn't have thought he was the right man for you, but you're not a child. You know what you want."

"That's the thing that worries me," Catherine admitted. "I wish we could talk about it, but we can't . . . You and Shaun are on opposite sides of the fence. I'm afraid I'm with Shaun."

"I don't know what you're

talking about," Dan said. "As far as Shaun goes . . ."

"Shaun's a pilot and you're a chemist," Catherine said. "It never occurred to me before that it made any difference. I thought you were just two men doing different jobs, but that everything was really the same underneath. But it's not."

Dan asked, "What makes you say that?"

Catherine said, "Can you honestly say it meant anything to you when David Lander was killed on your first experiment with B2?"

Dan tossed the pencil he was holding on to his desk and said shortly, "You know perfectly well how I felt when that plane crashed."

"That wasn't what I asked." Catherine felt herself growing pale. This was it, she thought, the barrier that had come between Dan and herself. She said:

"Look, Dan. I know how you felt about that crash. But you've got to be honest. What really worried you wasn't the fact that the pilot got killed, but that there was something wrong with your new fuel."

Dan said abruptly, not looking at Catherine, "One's got to look at that sort of thing impersonally." There was a frustrated emotion in his voice that Catherine had not heard before.

"We're on the brink of a major advance in aircraft development, and you've got to realise that men have always risked their lives for that sort of goal. Lander knew that as well as I did. If you want me to say that I think the experiments should stop because they're dangerous, the answer is no."

In sudden cold anger Catherine said, "A few weeks ago I should have agreed with you. Only now I happen to see the other side . . ."

Dan dropped his hands and said, "Catherine, it isn't my fault that my job happens to be physically safe. It's just chance, that's all."

An idea struck Catherine . . . a sudden fear that made her catch her breath. "There's another test on Wednesday," she said. "Is Shaun . . .?"

Dan said "Yes, he'll be the pilot."

He offered her a cigarette. Then he said, "I'd like to make it easier for you, but I just can't. Unless . . ."

"Yes?"

"Would you like a transfer?"

Another job that will be away from all this?"

She shook her head. "There's one thing I would like."

"What is it?" Dan looked relieved.

"I shan't be coming in on Monday or Tuesday. I'm going to take a couple of days' leave."

When she arrived in London she realised that she was beginning to dread her meeting with Shaun. "I'm not sure whether I'm in love with you or not," she told herself, "but I want to be with you while there's still time, because tomorrow may be too late . . ."

"Tomorrow may be too late . . ." That was really the answer, Catherine thought numbly. Abruptly she made up her mind. She went to the nearest phone box to ring Shaun's club.

"Could I speak to Mr. Douglas, please?"

The man's voice at the other end of the line said, "Is that Miss Rolf? There's a message for you, madam. Mr. Douglas rang up. He asked us to tell you that he's very sorry but he won't be able to meet you. He's had to attend to some unexpected business."

Catherine put the phone down slowly. Unexpected business could mean for Shaun only one thing—that he was flying.

Looking back on it afterwards she could remember hardly anything of her return journey. But after all, she decided, the chances were a hundred to one on Shaun being airborne already. Better far to do some work. Almost with a sense of relief she slipped on an overall and went over to the set of measuring instruments in front of which she usually spent her day.

"Hello, I thought you weren't coming in this morning."

Dan's assistant, Rankin, was regarding her curiously. "Come

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in for the test flight?" he asked.

Catherine said levelly, "No, not particularly."

"Shaun Douglas is the pilot," Rankin told her. "You know him, don't you?"

"Slightly." Catherine turned back to her instruments. "Where's Dan?"

Rankin eyed her for what seemed an almost timeless moment. Then he said, "I thought you knew. He's in the plane with Douglas."

"What—!" She turned round quickly, feeling the color draining from her face. "Why has he gone up himself? He's never done that before."

"I don't know," Rankin admitted.

Suddenly the phone rang. "Hello. Yes?" Rankin stood with the instrument to his ear.

Catherine saw the expression on his face change and the knuckles of his fingers go white.

"Yes, I understand," he said.

"What is it?" Catherine whispered.

Rankin dropped the phone back on its rest. "It's the plane," he said. "It blew up and crashed outside Walburton. The ambulance people are on their way out to the wreck now."

Blindly, without speaking, Catherine walked past him, pulling off her overall. Without looking to left or right she went down the stairs and out into the car park. Just under half an hour later she passed the still-smoking wreck of the plane—a heap of ashes in the middle of the field. A terrible sickness rose up inside

her, but she forced herself to look away and drive on into the little country town.

Catherine braked to a stop in Walburton's little marketplace and went across the square into the little timbered hotel. The entrance hall was deserted, but from the open door of the bar she heard Shaun laughing—

"Hello." She went to the doorway and stood there, watching them. Shaun and Dan, leaning against the bar with glasses in their hands. "Cath!" Dan was at her side. "What on earth..."

"I've got second sight,"

Catherine said. "Besides—" She broke off and began to laugh.

"Here." Shaun put a glass in her hand. "Drink this and take it easy."

"Thanks." Catherine drank the brandy gratefully. "I'll be all right." Then, "What happened?"

Dan said slowly, "The same thing as before—only this time we got a bit of warning and managed to get out in time with parachutes."

Knowing what he was thinking, Catherine said, "Do you think there is something wrong with the fuel?"

He nodded. "It certainly looks like it. When you get high up it seems to get terribly inflammable. So we go back and start all over again." He grinned wryly.

"From the beginning?"

"Well—from where I started three years ago." He shrugged. "It'll come out all right

in the end. Well, you'll have to excuse me. I've got to get back to the works." He put his glass down carefully and went out of the room.

For a moment there was silence. Then Catherine said slowly, "I'm sorry, Shaun."

"Sorry for what?" He was leaning against the bar watching her. "About this morning?"

"No." She shook her head. "Not that. Just that I've found something out that I ought to have been able to tell you before... Something I discovered when I heard the plane had crashed... and all

the way here there was really only one person I was thinking... praying about..."

"Dan?"

"Yes," Catherine said. "It was just Dan that mattered. I didn't think it would be, but it was."

"I see." Shaun toyed with his glass.

Catherine laughed shakily. "It's so silly. I've known him for years, and then all of a sudden..." She broke off. "It was all my fault he was in the plane, anyway. I told him he was scared—"

Suddenly Shaun laughed. He said, "The monstrous vanity of women. You don't really think it was because of you that he was flying today?"

"Well—wasn't it?" Catherine stared at him.

"No," Shaun told her. Then, "There were some readings

that had to be taken at the last moment; the chap whose job it was got the flu. So your friend Dan Weston said he'd come. He was interested and all that, but I'll bet any money you like the idea of the trip being dangerous never entered his head."

"Shaun," Catherine said, "that's really true, isn't it?"

"Yes. Quite true." He hesitated, and then said, "You know, you're wrong about Dan and myself. We're not really as different as that. Except that he's got more guts than I have."

Catherine stared at him. "What do you mean?"

Shaun said awkwardly, "Oh, I don't know. Just that he could probably cope with my job if he wanted to, but I'm perfectly certain I couldn't take his."

He nodded to where Dan was standing outside the hotel waiting for transport.

"That man's lost three years' work this morning, and look at him. He's waiting for someone to take him back to the works so that he can start all over again."

Catherine said shakily, "I hadn't looked at it that way before."

"Three years is a long time. A long road back."

She walked over to the doorway. Suddenly Dan turned and saw her. He smiled. Catherine smiled back. Shaun was right. It was going to be a very long road back, only this time Dan wouldn't have to travel it alone.

All characters in this magazine, except those in factual articles, are fictitious and bear no reference to any living person.

Honeymoon in Yellowstone



From page 53

snapped. "After all, this thing spouts every hour, and it certainly will be more comfortable watching it in daytime—if we must watch it. Are you coming, Rufus?"

She walked towards the lodge. Holly waited for Rufus to follow, but he stood gazing spellbound at the geyser. He did not stir until the display ended.

"Miss Fordyce has gone to the lodge," Holly said.

He aroused. Oh, yes . . .

He wheeled uncertainly. "Here's the distributor that was stolen from your car, Rufus," she said, her voice a bare, shaken murmur. "I took it. I did it. Goodbye! I hope you will be happy."

Her father tapped on the door at eight next morning and she dressed and made her luggage ready for departure. They checked out a little later, and Holly went to the parking area to bring the car to the lodge. She got into the sedan and stepped on the starter. The starter whirled, but that was all. Nothing else happened.

Holly alighted, raised the hood. She stared. The distributor was missing!

She looked around, stunned. Then she saw a lone figure out in the geyser basin, working with an instrument at a hot spring some distance from Old Faithful.

She found herself walking towards this individual. Rufus, she knew, was aware of her, but he kept his attention concentrated on his task. She halted a few paces away, and now she saw, among a litter of scientific instruments that lay nearby, the missing distributor from her father's car.

Rufus now found the courage to look at her. "I stole it," he said. "It wasn't hard to remove, once I put my mind to it."

Then, somehow, they were no longer paces apart. They were very close, and Rufus was kissing her.

"What . . . what about June Fordyce?" she gasped.

"June left this morning," Rufus said absently. "She and I look at things from different viewpoints. I realised that last night when we three were watching Old Faithful. We could never have been happy together."

On the geyser terrace Old Faithful's white plume soared triumphantly into the morning sky. The display was on time, as usual.

Your New Baby



From page 17

He Seems to Have Birthmarks

Tiny red blotches between a baby's eyebrows, on his eyelids, or on the back of his neck are not unusual, but seldom last long. Other marks may fade, too. Your doctor will advise you if any treatment is necessary, and when. Much can be done these days to deal with birthmarks.

Are All Newborns' Eyes Blue?

Most babies' eyes have a blue-grey look at birth. If they're going to be brown they'll probably show signs of changing color by six months.

Out of Proportion

Yes, he has a big head (one-fourth as long as his body), almost invisible neck, narrow shoulders, long arms, short bow legs. Your baby's head is so big because his brain is fully formed at birth—but that doesn't start functioning until tiny nerve fibres begin to grow out from the brain and make connections with groups of muscles. This nerve-fibre growth proceeds on a head-to-foot plan. When it's finished a healthy baby's parts are all in working order.

What's That on His Lip?

Looks like a blister—one in the centre of the lower lip, two above at the Cupid's bow. Actually they're "nursing cushions," more evidence of Nature's carefully detailed attention to a baby's design for living.

His Fists Are Curled up Tight

He can support his own weight when both little hands are wrapped round a rod. It's a disappointment for Dad to find out that this "strength" is caused by an automatic grasp—known as the Darwinian Reflex, and soon gone. A baby's tiny hands—really weak, helpless, and loose-skinned as a puppy—gradually become uncurled.

His Eyelids Twitch

Your newborn has just been through the biggest possible change of residence. Life in his new location, under startlingly new conditions, takes considerable getting used to. Twitches are signs of the settling down process, and may continue for several weeks.

He Sneezes and Coughs

Those little kerchoos and coughs are part of a baby's special equipment for getting rid of mucus so that he won't choke while he's limited to a lying-down position.

Yawns a Lot

Those cavernous yawns are nature's clever way of helping a baby collect extra oxygen from the air when his blood contains too much carbon dioxide. He'll sleep as much as he needs to if his tummy is full enough, his bed and clothing are comfortable, and he's let alone.

Losing Weight

Babies lose weight after birth because they're not eating much yet, and, besides, they're "drying out" from being "waterlogged" for nine months. Gaining begins around the fifth, sixth, and seventh days, which are usually big eating days.

How Much Should He Eat?

Sometimes a little, sometimes a lot. His appetite (just like yours) doesn't always call for the same amount at every meal.

What's He Crying For?

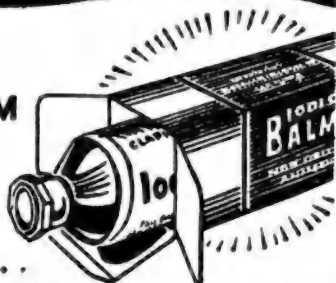
This is the hardest question for most new mothers to answer.

You're sure his cry is trying to tell you something. Actually the baby may be crying from very mild discomfort, and will doze off after a few minutes of fretting. Babies have a right to cry just because they may want to! If baby wakes up and cries soon after eating it's more apt to be an unburped bubble than hunger that's making him cry.

Dry pants quieten some babies, sometimes. Others will settle down when they're turned over or talked to or patted a little.

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MAKE YOUR OWN Christmas Cards

More and more families are finding out what fun it is to make their own photographic Christmas cards.

IT means so much to a friend or relative to receive a really personal greeting at Christmas, so look through your collection of family snapshots or take some more to be up to date for your friends. You will probably find several in your collection, anyway, that would be suitable to use on a card.

Unless you are a dark-room expert and plan to print the cards yourself, keep your layout simple.

The easiest thing to do is to choose your favorite snapshot of yourself or your family and paste it on a card yourself. Stores have paper in lovely colors to choose from—single or double fold. If you are selecting your own paper, be sure to pick a size that will fit a standard envelope.

Another idea is to have your snapshot printed on half a piece of double weight 8" x 10" photographic paper. The picture will be printed on the lower part of the 8" x 5" strip. When it is folded the image becomes the front cover.

Folding should be done before the page is thoroughly dry, to prevent cracking the emulsion. Your card can be either a vertical or horizontal 4" x 5". This way there is no waste, as 8" x 10" is standard size for photographic paper.

Your greeting can be printed on the inside, which is

not the emulsion side, or a personal message written in red ink is effective.

Whatever picture you choose for the card, be sure it is sharp, with clear whites and opaque blacks. A negative that is "thin," without good tone contrasts, will not reproduce well by the mass production method. And be sure your picture is appropriate.

Your child playing on the beach wouldn't convey the feeling of Christmas, but put him in his pyjamas opening a well-wrapped box with a surprise in it or playing at a party, and you'll capture all the holiday excitement.

Any close-up of the baby would make a wonderful card. A feeling of Christmas can be easily arranged by putting a few tree ornaments or a string of tree lights in the picture. The illusion of a Christmas tree could be created by having an evergreen branch protruding into the upper corner of the picture, but be sure the background is plain so that the props will be effective.

Whether you use flash or flood for your picture doesn't matter. What is important is that you start now to plan a card that will be different—that will carry a warm personal message to those you want to remember at Christmas time.

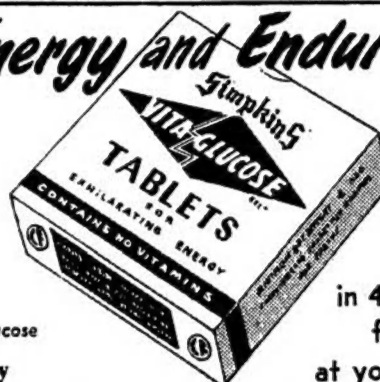
WOT! NO WARTS!!

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Danny
Kaye's
Favorite
Role

From page 12

and the conversation tiring for the child, then he and Dena disappear. He tells her a little story and returns to his guests.

There is nothing precocious or strained about Dena, despite the fact that she's grown up in an atmosphere of talent, not always an easy thing for a child.

And here is a house of talent—Danny one of the top entertainers in the world and Sylvia a noted composer of music and lyrics and a fine writer of comedy material. She has written for Danny since the time they met, has had the major job of musical director on many of his pictures, including their first independent venture, "Knock on Wood." From the time she was able to remember, Dena has watched them rehearse; even more, she has joined them in their love of impromptu fun.

There are many nights given over to opera, too. Dena loves it when the records are put on and her daddy turns up the sound loud enough to blast them out of the house. Often in the evening the three Kayes watch television or read. At any minute, the make-believe can start, Danny creating dialect characters, Sylvia and Dena inventing weird names. Is it strange that Dena is imaginative in her own right—makes up names as preposterous as theirs and does a sidesplitting English dialect, based on a scene she saw her father do?

Before this little girl was born, Sylvia was Danny's accompanist, a collaboration which made it easier for her to compose for him. As they worked, suddenly one or the other would start improvising, the other would pick it up as if by telepathy, and a new song, a new skit, a new comedy routine would be born.

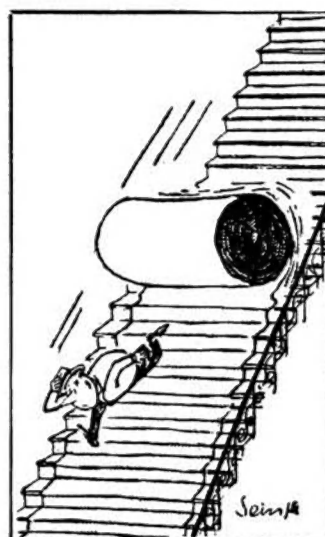
When Danny is away from his girls he calls every night, trying to keep them close. Dena looks forward to these calls, especially when her father pretends to be a dozen different people, all in different voices. Then it's her turn to tell him about school.

Danny has never forgotten how he hated regimentation as

a kid, how he loved to play. Dena is accordingly left free to play and her only lessons outside school are the ballet lessons she asked for.

That neither of the Kayes believes in prodding is easily understood. Danny's talent was allowed to develop freely. His wasn't a particularly happy childhood and he has blocked out most of it. What remains are the memories of the mother who taught him his first songs, his grief at her death when he was thirteen—and the wise understanding of his father. If he had forced Danny into his trade, tailoring, or if he'd made an issue of prosaic jobs to be done after school, Danny's life might have been far different.

Truant officers would vouch



for the fact that he didn't take happily to routine, and six months before graduation from high school he ran away and made his debut.

"Most parents make children do what they wanted to do themselves. My dad was a wise old codger," Danny says. "He knew when I found what I wanted to do, I'd do it."

He never had to explain anything to his dad. When he went off on his first long tour, he was gone for two and a half years, touring all the way to the Orient. He probably didn't write home often, either. But when he walked into the house and kissed him, his father just said, "Milk's in the ice-box, boy."

Sylvia's childhood was very different; it was spent at the piano. She lived on the same block as Danny, on Bradford St., Brooklyn, but she didn't go out to play—she was kept at her piano, practising. Her guess is now that, without com-

pulsion, she would have practised just as hard and enjoyed it more.

There's to be no coercion of Dena. When that young lady was five she asked for piano lessons, and her mother began to teach her. After a fast two weeks the pupil quit. Now if she asks to be shown something at the keyboard, Sylvia helps her pick it out. She plays for Dena music she has written during the day.

"Her reactions are never wrong," says Dena's mother. "If she says, 'Well, that's all right; what else did you do?' I have a dud. If she says, 'Oh, play that again!' I'm a success."

Danny and Sylvia agree on a wise kind of discipline. Danny knows that children don't relish an authority they can't understand; he didn't.

Punishment, the Kayes believe, must be related to the misdemeanor. If Dena is allowed to stay up until eight and at eight she does not want to go to bed, it's: "Dena, for every minute you stay up now, you will go to bed a minute earlier tomorrow night." The last time this happened, Dena delayed 15 minutes and made it up without question the next night.

"We have to go by trial, error, and our noses," the Kayes say. But the fact remains that their imaginations have given them the ability to think with a child. This is especially apparent when their little girl is ill. Danny takes over then. Always interested in medicine (he'd have been a doctor if there had been money for medical school), he started handling Dena's ills when she was an infant and Sylvia was still weak and the nurse had her first Sunday off. He coped with hiccups and colic and proved most apt as a medicine giver.

He knows how to keep a child amused and willing to stay in bed. When Danny is ill (which is seldom), Dena tries to repay in kind, curls up on the foot of his bed, and watches him sip his hot tea. Yes, these two have developed a world in common, a solid world so that even when Danny has to go away now and again Dena, like her mother, can feel quite secure and happy, though eager for his homecoming. They both know that, much as he belongs to the whole world, first of all, Danny belongs to them.

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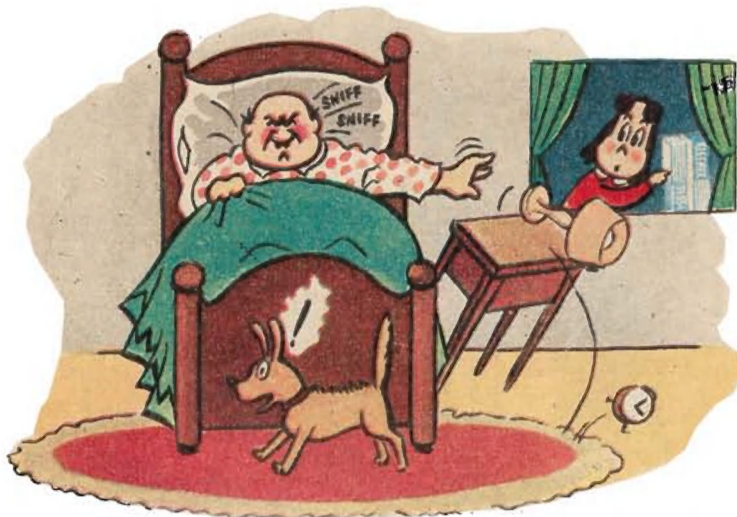
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